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Scribner's

MAGAZINE

May, 1939
Vol. 105, No. 5

Our June cover is by B. J. O. Nordfeldt—a portrait of a musician . . . High spots of the June issue: the story of *Liberty*, second in our series examining mass magazines . . . The "SCRIBNER'S Examines" article is on Raymond Loewy, industrial designer . . . Second in our series on transportation is an examination by Frank J. Taylor of an overnight transcontinental plane . . . Also a dramatic re-enaction of the sinking of the German fleet at Scapa Flow, by Paul Schubert . . . Plus one of the most unusual articles we have published this year: a story by Karl Detzer of a ninety-six-year-old photographer, still active, who sketched the Civil War, photographed the construction of the first transcontinental railroad, and helped found the postcard industry . . . Also an examination by Merrill Denison of daytime radio serials—the "soap opera," which numbers listeners by billions . . . And, in addition to other features, an anonymous "Life in the United States" article "I Lost a Son."

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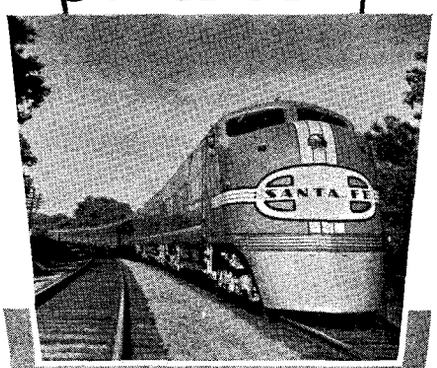

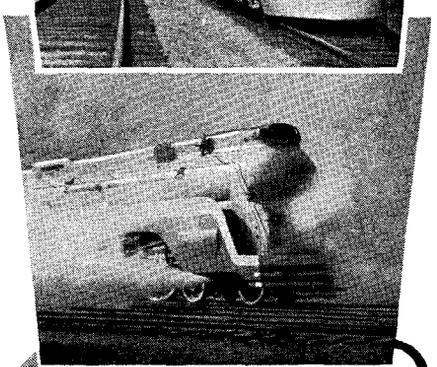

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Scenarist (*See Cover*)

The man on the cover is Dillwyn Parrish, about whom we know very little except that he is a California writer and the brother of Anne Parrish, novelist. Mr. Parrish happened to assume this pose one day when Clarence Hinkle was painting a portrait of Mrs. Parrish. He was asked, so to speak, to hold it.

Clarence Hinkle is one of the foremost West Coast artists. Born in Placer County, California, fifty-eight years ago, he moved to Sacramento, whose Crocker Art Gallery caught his eye while he was still in school. He painted a lot on camping trips in the Sierras and then, feeling the need for instruction, went to the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art in San Francisco and the Art Students League in New York. Up to that time, he says, he had been working mostly with a palette of ochre, black, and red. But the Impressionist school was coming into vogue and he was told by the late John H. Twachtman, a leader in the movement, "There is nothing darker than cobalt blue."

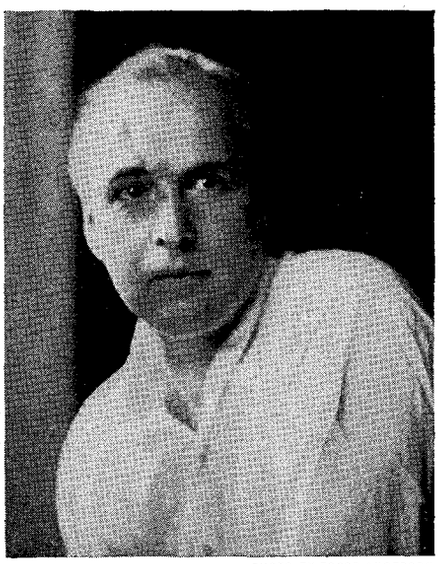

PHOTO BY TOPSE ANDERSON

Clarence Hinkle

He went to Holland and France for a few years on a scholarship, then returned to San Francisco, where he held his first one-man show in 1913. Four years later he became head of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design and began a twenty-year stint at teaching.

Hinkle married Mabel Bain, one of his students, in 1921. Recently they've built a studio home in Santa Barbara and give full time to art—he does the painting, she does posing and criticizing.

Art enthusiasts at either end of the country can see Hinkle's work today. He has landscapes at both the San Francisco and New York fairs.

Hotel Quiz

We get more quizzes from readers than any magazine we know. The following ten-pointer was sent in by John T. Flanagan, of the University of Minnesota. The object is to identify the city in which each of these ten hotels is located. Mr. Flanagan writes us that people identifying more than six are obviously hotel-minded. The only clue is that five of the hotels are in the United States. (*Answers on page* 5)

1. Book-Cadillac
2. Adlon
3. Brown Palace
4. Crillon
5. Mark Hopkins
6. Geneve
7. Copley-Plaza
8. Raffles
9. Shepheard's
10. Mayflower

Scribner's *and George VI*

A few days after this issue is off the newsstands George VI will be in this country, and on the front pages of all our papers. It is not SCRIBNER'S habit to groverwhalen distinguished visitors, but since our February preview of the royal visit was so loudly termed (in England) an affront to the King, we are here and now setting the record straight: We wish the King, and his Queen, a pleasant visit, good weather at sea, and come again.

Still setting the record straight, here's the reception our preview was given in England. (For the benefit of new readers, the preview "Selling George VI to the U. S." was written by Josef Israels, II, in the form of a memorandum showing the British Foreign Office how to get a good press for the royal visit.) The *Sunday Pictorial* headlined a story about the article U. S. INSULT TO THE KING AND QUEEN. The *Sunday Dispatch* shouted in a four-column head AMAZING U. S. ATTACK ON KING AND QUEEN. Another London newspaper wrote: *"Scribner's . . .* descended to common rudeness in their attack on America's future guests." An openly anti-Jewish organization in London sent out mimeographed attacks on the article. English newsdealers clipped it from newsstand copies of SCRIBNER'S.

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Meanwhile, dozens of British subjects were writing us letters, protesting and, almost without exception, calling the Duchess of Windsor words which we consider unprintable. The New York *Times* carried a dispatch from London implying that the King would avoid a night in New York on account of the article. The cry was then picked up in Canada. More letters—including one from a major of royal ordnance threatening to whip both editor and writer. More newspaper editorials. And then discussion in Parliament.

By this time London was changing its tune. The *Graphic and News* turned over a page to a member of Parliament who wrote: "The most outspoken article, and the one which has caused most comment here, appeared in *Scribner's Magazine,* a publication with an excellent reputation. On the surface the article was certainly offensive. Yet to those of us who understand the U. S. A. it was a genuine attempt to help make the visit a success." The M. P. then borrowed heavily from our article, putting everything, of course, into good English.

Paralleling this was the approach of the *Daily Mail*—Viscount Rothermere's paper. No abuse for SCRIBNER'S. Instead, an editorial asking if the Foreign Office was satisfied with arrangements for the American trip. "Let us be frank," the *Daily Mail* said. "Nearly every time the Government has attempted propaganda since the war it has failed hopelessly. What guarantee have we that the visit to America will be well handled?"

Thomas Wolfe

There are two Thomas Wolfe items in this issue—his first published work,

PORTRAIT BY DOUGLAS W. GORSLINE

Thomas Wolfe

from our August, 1929, issue, and a short novel from the book he was completing when he died last fall. When we were taking these to press, we received a letter from Maxwell Perkins, editor of Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Perkins, as most everyone knows, was Wolfe's editor, and we believe his letter is a literary footnote of interest to all people interested in Wolfe:

"I understand from Miss Nowell that *Scribner's* has bought 'The Party at Jack's,' by Thomas Wolfe. *Scribner's Magazine* 'discovered' Thomas Wolfe. The first thing of his that was ever published was published there, and for some years no other magazine had sense enough to publish him. *Scribner's* went on and published perhaps his first four or five stories, and awarded him a prize in a short-novel competition. So the credit for Thomas Wolfe belongs to *Scribner's* if to anyone. In this connection I thought you would be interested to know of a portrait, and the only one of Tom, which is about to be exhibited in the Arden Galleries. It seemed to me not impossible that in the number in which you published 'The Party at Jack's' and in which you could claim credit for *Scribner's* for having discovered a titanic American figure, you people might consider using this portrait."

Hotel Quiz Answers (*See Page* 4)

1. Detroit 2. Berlin 3. Denver 4. Paris 5. San Francisco 6. Mexico City 7. Boston 8. Singapore 9. Cairo 10. Washington.

New Englander

Arthur Bartlett, who wrote the article on Gov. Leverett Saltonstall, comes to SCRIBNER'S by way of newspaper and magazine experience. Born in Norway, Maine, he first worked on the Portland *Press Herald,* then on papers in Canada, Sioux City, and Boston. Later he went onto the *American Magazine* staff, and from there to *Country Home Magazine,* where he became managing editor. Since 1937 he's been writing full time. He lives in Connecticut, declares his primary interest is New England.

Notes

Hickman Powell reported for seven years each on the N. Y. *World* and N. Y. *Herald Tribune.* His book, *The Last Paradise,* started the deluge of books on Bali, and in April Harcourt, Brace published his *Ninety Times Guilty,* a book about the New York vice racket . . . Nola Akard lives in Boise, Idaho. She has worked for the Mountain States T. & T. for twelve years . . . Robert J. Landry is radio editor of *Variety,* wrote the December "Scribner's Examines" on Edward R. Murrow.

● Many a tempting "lump of sugar" is offered the manufacturer seeking plant relocation or expansion. Free buildings . . . free moving expenses . . . tax exemptions . . . and sweat shop labor. Tempting? Certainly! . . . to the marginal producer. But the far-sighted, reliable manufacturer seeks *economic advantages*—not special inducements!

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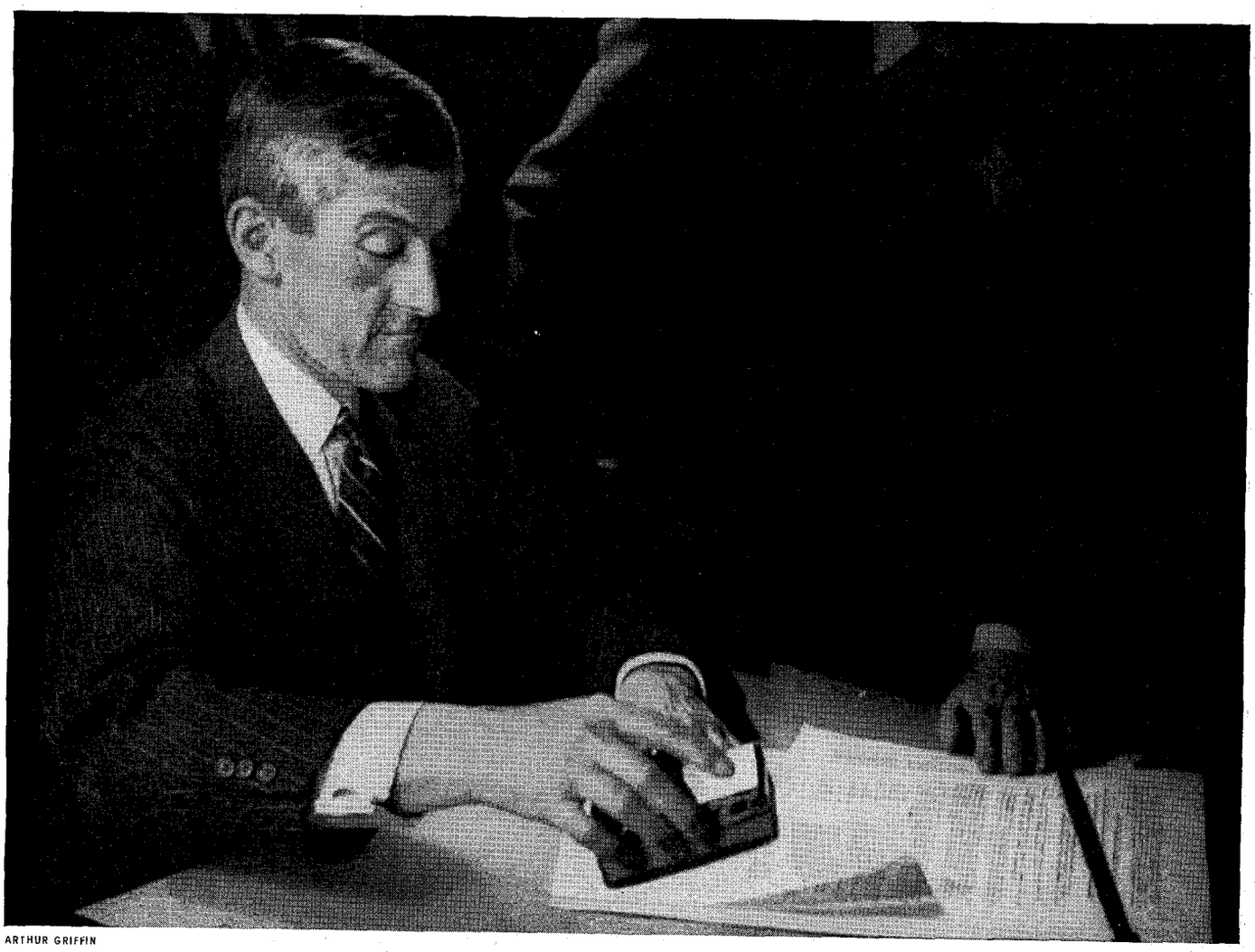

ARTHUR GRIFFIN

Leverett Saltonstall

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *a Republican governor . . . his ride to the top in Massachusetts and his handling of a vital strike . . . the blue-blood trend in politics*

HE was not born, Mr. Speaker, in the ways that you and I were. He was born with a diamond-studded spoon in his mouth. He knows only one side of life—the coupon-clipping side."

So thundered a veteran Boston Republican, ten years ago, when Leverett Saltonstall announced himself as a candidate for Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. The member went on to paint a vivid picture of the House dominated by banking, railroad, and public-utility interests, and tossed in a gibe or two about "high social standing." The election of Saltonstall, he roared, would be "a surrender to all that is hostile to the interests of the common people," and would make any future Republican victories in Massachusetts impossible.

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A few years later, when Saltonstall announced his candidacy for Governor, that same Boston representative hailed him as, "the one white hope of the Republican Party," the man with "everything the public demands, everything Massachusetts likes to honor and trust."

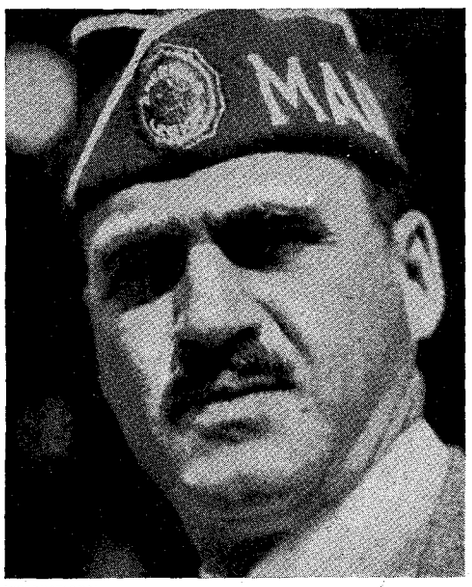
Things like that happen in politics. Often it merely means that some politician realizes he has misjudged the butter side of his bread. But in this case it marks a definite trend—a trend that is making political strategists revise a lot of old notions. For years, the most familiar echoes from the political hustings of America were such phrases as, "of humble origin," and "poor but honest parents." The behind-the-scene wise men went on the theory that the electorate rarely takes a blue blood to its bosom.

In Massachusetts, where Irish blood runs strong, the practical politicians—as they like to call themselves—were particularly leery of candidates tainted by wealth or family prestige. They thought of the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the elder, as the last phenomenon of that stripe—except perhaps for an occasional fluke. In 1936 the strategists of the Republican State Convention became so frightened when they realized that they were going to have both a Lodge and a Saltonstall on their ticket, willy-nilly, that they tossed almost all other considerations out the window and rigged the rest of the slate so that it would have on it an Irishman, an Italian, and a Frenchman. There was reason in their fear. A couple of years before that, Henry Parkman, Jr., brilliant and vigorous young son of an old Boston Back Bay family, had run for Mayor of Boston, and the Boston *Post*—the paper read by the great majority of Boston's Irish population—had spiked whatever chances of election he ever had by a series of cartoons in which he appeared in a high hat, using a lorgnette, and speaking in a vaudeville British accent.

In other states, it was much the same. Louis H. Cook, a seasoned political campaign manager in Iowa, published a confession in 1936 of how he had manipulated the defeat, some years before, of a candidate for the United States Senate who was, "beyond any question, the ablest of the lot." Said Cook: "He lived in a brownstone flat for a summer or two. The place looked like a palace . . . I hired a photographer and got a picture of the castle in which he rented three or four rooms . . . We broadcast the picture of his 'palatial home.' . . . Dirty politics? Perhaps. But his campaign flattened out like a garter snake under a road roller."

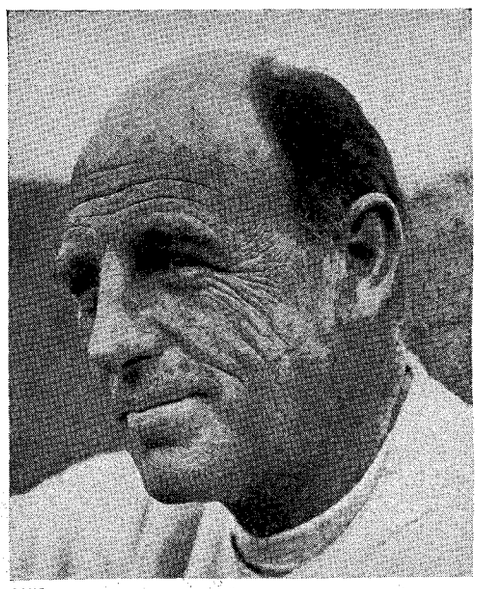
In North Carolina, people still chuckle about the speeches by which Senator Robert ("Our Bob") Reynolds defeated Senator Cameron Morrison—carrying with him a roll of carpet so that he could spread it out and imitate the way the wealthy Senator Morrison walked into his palatial hotel. The high point came when "Our Bob" confided to his audience that Senator Morrison ate caviar. "And do you know what caviar is? Fish eggs! Fish eggs! Russian fish eggs. Good, old, North Carolina hens' eggs ain't good enough for him!"

All this was normal American politics—and still is.



INTERNATIONAL

Wm. Tudor Gardiner, later Governor of Maine, lived with Saltonstall at Harvard



ACME

Percy Haughton, Harvard football coach who never let Saltonstall off the scrub team

Texas went a-whooping last fall for its self-styled hillbilly Governor, and elsewhere in the land many a man "of humble origin" played successfully on the heartstrings of the electorate. Nevertheless, the old magic of poverty and lowliness seems to have been losing a lot of its punch of late years; the old bugaboo of the "diamond-studded spoon" seems to have been losing punch, too.

In the White House sits Franklin Delano Roosevelt, of Hyde Park, Groton, and Harvard. His favorite Ambassador is William Christian Bullitt, of the rich and aristocratic Philadelphia Bullitts. When Pennsylvania elected a new Governor last fall, to displace Governor Earle, it wasn't because Earle was a scion of a fine old family—he had been elected, in the first place, despite that handicap—but because of a variety of political considerations having nothing to do with that.

In 1936, the grandson and namesake of the original Senator Henry Cabot Lodge—who was to have been the last of the blue bloods—hopped, with rare political agility, from the rear ranks of the Massachusetts House of Representatives to the United States Senate. But it was in 1938 that the forgotten men of politics, the candidates who were supposed to be shunned because they were not of sufficiently humble station, made their greatest comeback

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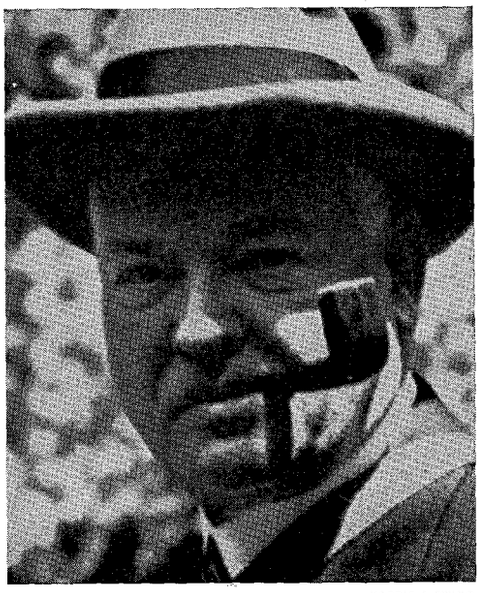
so far. Wisconsin elected its immensely wealthy Governor Heil. Rhode Island elected a Vanderbilt to govern it. And Massachusetts elected a Saltonstall. If, as now seems likely, that same Henry Parkman, Jr., who was so jeeringly lampooned when he ran for Mayor of Boston, should be the Republican candidate for the United States Senate from Massachusetts in 1940, and should succeed in unseating Senator Walsh, Massachusetts' three top-ranking posts would have all been captured by old-family sons.

No blood could be bluer than Leverett Saltonstall's. A

ACME

Saltonstall's political career shows a remarkable parallel to Coolidge's—so far



HARRIS & EWING

Hoover's tie hung askew at a meal; Saltonstall was among guests afraid to tell him

Saltonstall was Lord Mayor of London in Queen Elizabeth's day. Sir Richard Saltonstall, who came to America with Governor Winthrop on the *Arbella* in 1630, had been Cromwell's Ambassador to Holland. The Leveretts were so high and mighty in the Massachusetts Bay Colony —of which one of them was Governor—that they turned up their noses at the revolutionists of 1776, and were determined Tories. So impressive are the ramifications of Leverett Saltonstall's family—he is related nearly or remotely to most of the Boston Brahmins—that when an uncle was appointed district attorney some twenty years ago, it drew a wisecrack from James Michael Curley which still survives. "The Governor appointed Endicott Peabody Saltonstall," somebody reported to Curley. "What," cracked Curley, "all three of 'em?"

II

TALL, long-faced, homely, Saltonstall is a typical old-family Bostonian (though he lives, technically, outside the city limits). He has a nasal twang, a Harvard accent, is reserved and easy-mannered, at home in anything from formal morning clothes to old flannels. He is the tenth Saltonstall in his direct line to go through Harvard; he belonged to the Porcellian Club, which is tops socially, is secretary of his class (1914), and a member of the Board of Overseers. This June he will be chief marshal at the Harvard Commencement.

He lives in Chestnut Hill, a part of the city of Newton, where he was born forty-seven years ago. It is suburban territory now, with Boston bankers and brokers and lesser lights commuting to and from the city. (Jack Sharkey, the former heavyweight champion, has a house, flower gardens, and swimming pool not far away.) Saltonstall's own neighborhood started out, in his grandfather's day, as a country community—within striking distance of the city—of Saltonstalls, Lowells, and Lees (the banking Lee, Higginson Lees) and that is what it remains. It has its own school, church, and tennis courts; the grounds are roomy and not too formally landscaped; the houses, mostly of wood, are large and comfortable and have none of the pretensions to architectural style which characterize the houses with "For Sale" signs roundabout.

Saltonstall's house is a fourteen-room frame affair. The big lawn, punctuated by pines and shrubs, sweeps down to the tracks of the Boston & Albany Railroad. Nobody in the community seems to mind the railroad being so near. It has always been more or less connected with the families, anyway. Saltonstall became a director of the Boston & Albany soon after he got out of law school, though he resigned later to be free of the political handicap of business connections.

He also has an old farmhouse in Dover, some twenty miles out of Boston, where he and his wife and their five children spend a lot of time. They are a tweedy family, and like to ride and play at farming better than to go to fashionable parties. Saltonstall and his wife and older children ride with the Norfolk Hunt, and the younger ones have a pony and a donkey. The Governor is also an accomplished sailor, but mediocre dancer and bridge player. The family attitude toward the social life was demonstrated last year when the Governor's eldest daughter, Emily, made her debut. About two hundred people were invited to her grandmother's house. When reporters began to arrive, a young male cousin went out to the driveway and stood there for two hours in the cold, telling each reporter that the family was terribly sorry to disappoint anyone, but really it was just a small and unimportant affair, and there wouldn't be anything at all worth writing about.

The nearest Saltonstall ever came to apologizing for his family, or trying to minimize its implications, was

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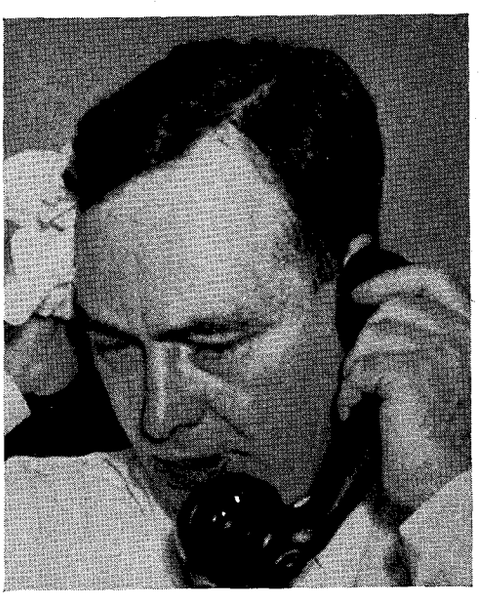
when he made the statement, during the 1938 campaign, that his grandfather, far from being a wealthy man, had had to sell off his wine cellar to put his father through Harvard; and that his father, in turn, had earned every cent he left when he died. This is true as far as it went, though the Governor's family today is reputedly the wealthiest—certainly one of the wealthiest—in Massachusetts. His father made a comfortable fortune as a lawyer, but the big money came from his mother's side. She was the daughter of Peter C. Brooks, a multimillionaire whose fortune started in the days of the West Indies trade and was multiplied by real-estate investments in such remote places as Kansas City and Fort Dearborn, later to be known as Chicago. The family still owns some of the most important blocks in those Midwestern cities.

Saltonstall's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were lawyers, as he is. The law firm of which his father was a founder, Gaston, Snow, Saltonstall & Hunt (now Gaston, Snow, Hunt, Rice & Boyd), became one of the biggest in Boston—one of those great law mills handling corporation business. Leverett's natural destiny would have been to become a member of the firm, and spend his life in it. But though he has always been an extremely proper and unrebellious person, he seems to have been animated, from childhood, by a dogged determination to be something more than what he was born to be.

He was, for instance, born a left-hander, but with baseball gloves for lefties rare, laboriously switched over. He went out for athletics at school, but always had to work overtime to make the team. Dropped from the Harvard hockey squad as hopeless, he practiced skating an hour a day until he was taken back. In his senior year he warmed the bench during most of the championship game with Princeton, then, in a desperate tie and play-off session, was sent in as a substitute. His skating was so awkward it was almost funny, but when he finally got a swipe at the puck he rammed it home.

ACME

James Michael Curley, Democratic ex-Governor of Mass. licked by Saltonstall in 1938



ACME

Rep. Joe Martin of Mass., currently rallying Republicans for 1940 national election

Scholastically, too, he was a plugger, getting good marks but not easily. At Harvard he rented a house with a group of classmates of his social stratum, among them William Tudor Gardiner, later Governor of Maine, and Richard H. Russell, later Mayor of Cambridge. But Saltonstall was always too busy for hell-raising. One of the group remembers only once when Lev had an hour ahead with nothing scheduled. That time he accepted a suggestion to go to a museum.

He is equally punctilious today. When he assembled his staff for the Governor's office, he warned all his male assistants that they were to be at their desks promptly at nine, freshly shaven. And he cautioned them mildly about drinking. Saltonstall drinks, but rarely, smokes almost never. He usually walks the mile from Back Bay Station to the State House in the morning, and often walks to the Harvard Club—twice as far—at night, much to the dismay of the State Trooper who has to walk with him.

His entrance into politics was more or less accidental. He had finished Harvard Law School, married his childhood sweetheart—Alice Wesselhoeft, daughter of a leading Boston surgeon—served as a first lieutenant during the War, and was just beginning to settle down into the groove which was ready for him. He started practicing law, became a director in various financial institutions. Then the Republican chieftain of the City of Newton, looking for likely material from Saltonstall's end of town, suggested that he run for the Board of Aldermen. Saltonstall consented, was elected handily and, with one brief and unintentional interlude, has been in politics ever since. He has given up all directorships, except those of charitable institutions, abandoned the active practice of law, and struggled constantly to overcome the handicap of being a Saltonstall.

III

For sheer gusto, a good, lively, no-holds-barred political campaign in Massachusetts, and particularly in Greater Boston, is without parallel in most sections of the country. The Boston technique, of which James Michael Curley is the master, is (to use a woefully mild word for it) direct.

Through one campaign, for instance, Curley constantly referred to one Daniel J. Coakley, as "that slithery, slimy Thing." Coakley came back with such phrases as "that masquerading thug . . . the bully, the bravo, surrounded by a band of twenty blackguards . . . moral and

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physical coward . . . blackleg . . . wolf face . . . bandit crew . . . It's a slander on a yellow dog to call Curley such." A few months later, Curley having been elected Governor, and Coakley returned to the Governor's Council, the two men became ardent allies, working joyfully together to the discomfiture of less gifted politicians.

That was the way Curley worked, getting any Democratic nomination he wanted, getting himself elected Mayor of Boston again and again, and eventually winning the Governorship. The Republican strategy for years has been to let the Democrats do the slugging, hoping that they would all get punch-drunk and leave the way clear for Republicans to step quietly in over their prostrate forms. It worked like a charm until the depression. With Saltonstall's victory, it worked again.

Saltonstall came up on the escalator, well-known in Massachusetts as the process by which ambitious Republicans compose themselves in one minor office after another, being pushed ahead gradually by the regular party organization. He moved from the Newton Board of Aldermen up to the House of Representatives and eventually to the Speakership. When he was elected Speaker, the Boston *Herald*, leading Republican organ of the state, listed his assets: "Highly competent advisers, a winning personality, innumerable well-wishers, a friendly House, a congenial Governor and Senate President, character, industry, and genuine interest in making a large place for himself in the Commonwealth." That is about the way his friends usually speak of him—with praise which, while not exactly faint, is not full of whoops and hollers.

His voting record, before he became Speaker, tended toward the conservative side, as was to be expected from a Saltonstall, or, for that matter, from a Republican representative of the white-collar suburb of Newton. When he ran for Governor, an official of the American Federation of Labor listed thirty-seven Saltonstall votes, between 1923 and 1929, as "bad." After he became Speaker, however, he became more receptive to liberal ideas, and gave at least passive support to House measures providing for old-age security, mothers' aid, a mandatory minimum wage, unemployment insurance, peaceful picketing, outlawing of "yellow dog" contracts, and anti-injunction regulation. After the Republican rout in 1934, he warned his fellow party members that they should co-operate with Roosevelt; and since then, though he has taken an occasional dig at the New Deal, he has been well to the left of most Republican leaders.

Saltonstall has never been a reformer; his attitude toward the petty dishonesties of fellow members of the House was aloof but not self-righteous. Once, when he was Speaker, he got a rumor that a certain bill had been introduced primarily for "shakedown" purposes; he called in the man who had introduced it and persuaded him to withdraw it, but he kept the whole episode quiet.

Only two or three times, during his Speakership, did he lose his almost superhuman moderation. Once when a radical labor group came to his office, Saltonstall started to greet them pleasantly, and held out his hand to their leader, a woman. She pointedly ignored his hand. Saltonstall turned and went out, slamming the door. "If you won't shake hands," he declared, "I shall have nothing to say to you." He took pains to explain the next day, though, that he had done it only to preserve the dignity of his office.

He also displayed anger one day during Curley's Governorship when it appeared that a measure which he considered extremely dangerous was likely to pass, through political shenanigans. He banged the gavel, declared the House adjourned, and when cries of protest went up, marched unheedingly out of the House with the gavel still in his hand, thereby preventing anybody else from taking it up and carrying on the session.

For that, he was accused of trying to be a dictator, but ordinarily he was a mild presiding officer—so mild that on one occasion he was about to declare one of his pet measures defeated by a single vote when a colleague dashed up and told him that his opponents had taken advantage of the amiable confusion which he permitted during the roll call to vote for two absentees. On the rare occasions when his rulings were questioned, Democrats invariably joined with the Republicans to uphold him. They also joined, toward the end of his Speaker- (*continued on page* 34)

ACME

Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge; his grandfather was thought last blue blood in Mass. politics

ACME

Rhode Island's new Gov. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, another case of blue-blood resurgence

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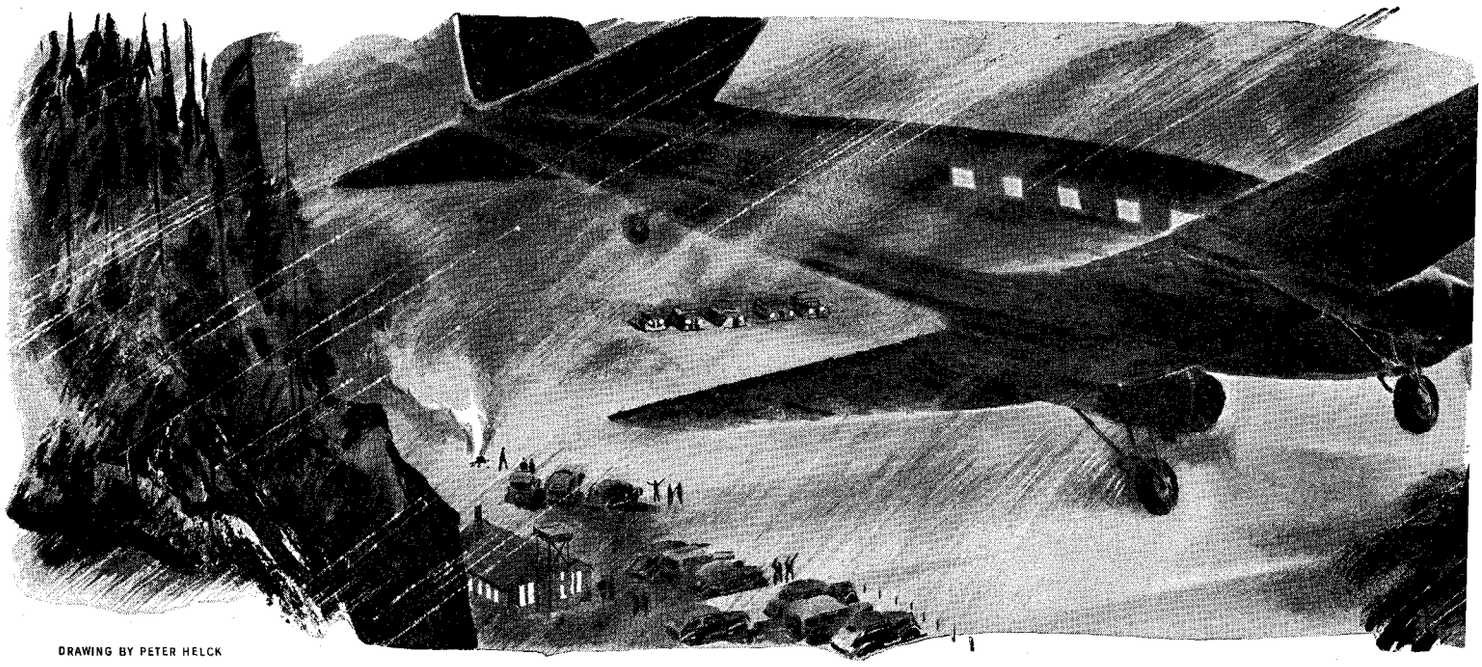

DRAWING BY PETER HELCK

Ninety Minutes

NOLA AKARD

THE EXPERIENCE *of a telephone operator in guiding a lost plane . . . holding the circuit for messages from observers to radio to pilot . . . a Life in the U. S. article*

I WAS alone on Long Distance, rating the day tickets; the local girls were drowsing before their positions; the clock was ticking off long desultory minutes. It was around eleven o'clock when I reached over absently and plugged out a light. Then I sat up when I noticed it was Placerville. Someone must have shot up the town to rate a call from this old mining camp tucked up there in a crevice of the Boise Mountains. Sometimes it would be days before we'd get a call.

"Boise," I called as I plugged in.

"Have you lost a plane?" The voice from Placerville was high and excited.

"Plane?" I started to question, then trunked immediately for the airport. Instantly I thought of the United Air Liner I had seen taking off as it passed the airport three hours earlier. That plane I saw was Portland-bound, going from Boise a straight lowland route to Weiser, and if that same plane was heard up at Placerville, it must have been blown ninety or a hundred miles off its course over the Boise and Salmon River Mountains. I sure wanted to listen to Placerville's conversation, but I didn't. I was disappointed that Mr. Gregory didn't call right back, but he evidently was doing some radio calling, for when he did charge in on the line he was upset and told me what Placerville reported about the drone of a motor above the storm.

"We've got to find that plane, Operator," he said rapidly. "Our Boise-to-Portland is overdue with nine passengers and three crew. We've got to get track of her."

All he needed to say was "we," and I was already plugging in for Gardena. No, Gardena hadn't heard a thing. Horseshoe Bend answered likewise. Garden Valley with its feminine squeaky voice reported they couldn't hear above the hard wind. When station after station up that mountainous route all answered "no," I grew fearful. I recalled what Verne Bookwalter, veteran pilot who flew the first air mail out of Portland and who played around in the airways of Alaska, said about this section of mountains being the most treacherous flying country he knew.

I rang Cascade. I knew Gordon Hood, the young fellow who operated the night switchboard in that white-pine lumber center. Gordon hadn't heard a thing but he was anxious to help, remaining on the circuit after he rang Scott's Ranch. Scott's Ranch must have had long whiskers and a cud of tobacco in his mouth, but anyway his report was as discouraging as all the rest. Gordon rang Drake's Lodge, and when they said they'd heard nothing, my heart did a nose dive. I could picture that ship trying to buck the storm while it kept clear of the peaks. A great throbbing body buffeted about in a black fury of wind and rain. I wondered what the pilot was thinking about as he floundered over that rugged, unfamiliar country with the lives of eleven people in his care.

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When I get excited inside, my neck flushes and my smiling telephone voice gets low and a little throaty. I heard that voice telling Gordon to hurry and ring Warm Lake. While he was making the connection I told him to tell Scott's Ranch and Drake's Lodge to stay on the line, because we didn't have a minute to lose if either of them got track of the plane. But they didn't need to be told.

My nerves pounded. Wasn't Warm Lake ever going to answer? It was the last outpost and our last hope, and everyone standing by on the line expected the same old report of "No, Central, we haven't heard a thing." I told Gordon to do double time on that ringing and while I waited I tore my handkerchief to tatters. I was trying to keep a newspaper picture out of my mind. That of lifeless bodies spewed out over the snow of some lonely windswept peak, the near-by plane crumpled like a child's toy. I tried to convince myself that the plane was still in the air, unless—but a new fear sent my hopes into a tail spin. How much gasoline, I wondered, did they ordinarily carry with them?

It was after Mr. Gregory had worried for a report and gone off the line that Warm Lake, crawling out of a warm bed, finally answered.

"Do you hear a plane up in your country?" I raised my voice to its most efficient distinctness.

"Pain?" a sleepy woman's voice asked.

"Plane—plane!" I yelled. "Transport plane. Go outside—outdoors and listen for the motors of an airplane."

"Oh! yes, yes," she said. "I will—an airplane. Hold the line and I'll get right out and see."

Hold the line! Why no one could have wrenched that line away from me with a ten-ton "cat." I took a breath then and tried to massage a tremble out of my arm. I glanced over at Ivy on local. Her face looked pale and her eyes as big as dark velvet pansies. She knew the code at a moment like this and never said a word. The test-board man who had come rather silently up the spiral stair was standing behind me, as stationary as a wooden Indian, waiting for Warm Lake's answer.

"Oh, yes, Operator, the plane sounds like it is going up Big Creek Canyon toward Cascade." Warm Lake's voice was breathless.

"Thanks!" I shouted.

Scott's Ranch, getting the cue, soon reported back that now they heard a faint droning in their canyon.

Mr. Gregory at the Boise airport was jubilant when I gave him the location and he concentrated harder on trying to get a radio contact. He told me to hold the Cascade circuit and stay on the line, and because Gordon Hood was Cascade we both heard him when he got in touch with the lost pilot. The radio equipment was beside the telephone, and we heard him make acknowledgment when the pilot admitted he had lost his bearings and didn't know where he was.

"About seventy-five miles above Boise," Mr. Gregory told him. "Can you make it in here?"

When the co-pilot radioed back they were running out of gas, Mr. Gregory became alarmed and revealed to the co-pilot that there wasn't a place big enough up in that rough country to land.

I didn't dare to believe my ears when Mr. Gregory and the co-pilot discussed crashing—folding up the wheels when the gas was out—setting her down and trusting to luck.

I knew it had often been said there wasn't a field big enough up in that country to land a humming bird.

For the fractional part of a minute the situation was deadlocked, and in that fraction Gordon Hood ducked off the circuit on which we were listening and came in on another line to tell me Cascade had a small field.

"But have you got anyone up there who knows about planes?" I begged. Gordon was 'way ahead of me because he said "Sure! He's on the line. It's Bob Johnson." He had called Bob right at the first, and Bob who was an old retired air-mail pilot understood the need for landing strategy. Understood it! I knew of Bob and I knew Bob had forgotten more than some pilots will ever know. When I went in on the line and (*continued on page* 36)

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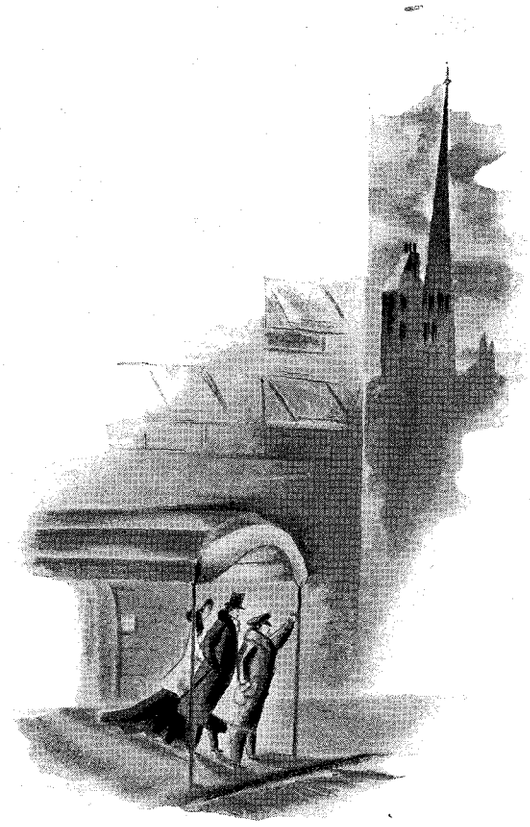

The Party at Jack's

BY THOMAS WOLFE

Author of "Of Time and the River"

From the outside the building was—just a building. It was not beautiful, but it impressed one by its sheer massivity. A mighty shape, twelve stories high, with ramparts of enduring stone, spaced evenly by a thousand windows, the great building filled a city block, and fronted on both sides. It was so grand, so huge, so solid, it seemed to be hewn from the everlasting rock itself, to be built there for eternity, and to endure there while the rock itself endured.

And yet this really was not true at all. That mighty building was really tubed and hollowed like a giant honeycomb. It was sustained on curving arches, pillared below on riddled vacancy, its nerves and bones and sinews went down depth below depth among the channeled rock: below these basal ramparts of enduring stone, there was its underworld of storied basements. Below all these, far in the tortured rock, there was the tunnel's depth.

Therefore, it happened sometimes, that dwellers in this imperial tenement would feel a tremor at their feet as something faint and instant passed below them, and perhaps remember that there were trains, far, far below them in these tunneled depths. Then all would fade away into the riddled distances of the tormented rock. The great building would grow solidly to stone again, and people would smile faintly, knowing that it was enduring and unshaken, now and forever, as it had always been.

A little before seven o'clock, just outside the building, as he was going in for the night's work, old John was accosted by a man of perhaps thirty years in a state of unkempt dilapidation.

"Say, Mac—" at the familiar words, the old man tried to move away. But the creature plucked at his sleeve with unclean fingers. "I was just wonderin' if you could spare a guy a—"

"Nah-h!" the old man snapped angrily. "I can't spare you anything! I'm twice your age and I always had to work for everything I had. If you was any good you'd do the same!"

"Oh, yeah?" the other jeered, with eyes suddenly gone hard and ugly.

"Yeah!" old John snapped back in the same tone, and then went on, feeling that this ironic repartee was perhaps a little inadequate but the best he could do on the spur of the moment.

He was still muttering to himself as he entered the great arched entrance of the building and started along the colonnades that led to the south wing.

"What's the matter, Pop?"—it was Ed, the day elevator man, who spoke to him—"Who got your goat?"

"Ah-h!" John muttered, still fuming with resentment. "It's these panhandling bums! A young fellow no older than you are tryin' to panhandle from an old man like me!"

"Yeah?" said Ed, in a tone of mild interest.

"Yeah," said John. "They ought to keep these fellows away from here. They got no right to bother the kind of people we got here." There was just a faint trace of mollification in his voice as he spoke the words "the kind of people we got here": one felt that on this side reverence lay—"the kind of people we got here" were, at all odds, to be protected and preserved.

"That's the only reason they hang around this place," the old man said. "They know they can work on the kind of people we got here and get it out of them. If I was the management I'd put a stop to it."

And having made these pronouncements, John went in at the service entrance of the south wing, and in a few moments was at his post, ready for the night's work.

II

John Enborg had been born in Brooklyn more than sixty years before, the son of a Norwegian seaman and an Irish serving-girl. In spite of this mixed parentage, one would have said without hesitation that he was "old stock" American—New England Yankee. Even his physical structure had in one brief generation taken on that kind of special pat-

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tern wrought out upon the whole framework of flesh and bone, that is unmistakably "American." He had the dry, lean, furrowed neck of the American. He had the dry face, too, the dry mouth, a little harsh and woodenly inflexible, the lower jaw outcropping slightly, as if some conflict in the life around him had hardened the very formations of the jaw into this sinewy tenacity. His speech was spare, dry, nasal, with a kind of tartness that was really not at all truculent but that at times seemed so. He was far from being an ill-natured old man, but his humor concealed itself dryly behind a mask of almost truculent denial.

This was apparent now as Herbert Anderson came in. Herbert was the night elevator man for the south entrance. He was a young, chunky, good-natured fellow with two pink spots in his plump cheeks, and lively and good-humored eyes. He was really John's especial favorite in the whole building, although one might not have instantly gathered this from the exchange that now took place between them.

"Well, what do you say, Pop?" cried Herbert as he entered the service elevator. "You haven't seen anything of two blondes yet, have you?"

The faint, dry grin about John Enborg's mouth deepened a little as he swung the door to and pulled the lever.

"Ah-h," he said sourly. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

He said nothing more, but stopped the machine and pulled the door open at the basement floor.

"Sure you do!" Herbert said vigorously as he walked over to the line of lockers, and peeled off his coat. "You know those two blondes I been tellin' you about, doncha, Pop?"

By this time he had peeled his shirt off his shoulders, and had stooped to take off his shoe.

"Ah-h," said the old man, sour as before, "you're always tellin' me about something. It goes in one ear and comes out the other."

"Oh yeah?" said Herbert. He bent to unlace his other shoe.

"Yeah," said John in the same tone.

The old man's tone had from the beginning been touched with this dry note of disgusted unbelief. And yet, somehow indefinably, there was the unmistakable suggestion that he was enjoying himself. For one thing, he had made no move to depart. Instead he had propped himself against the side of the open elevator door, and waited there as if against his own admission he was enjoying the debate.

"Where's old Organizin' Pete?" Herbert said presently. "Seen him tonight?"

"Who?" said John, looking at him with a somewhat bewildered expression.

"Henry."

"Oh!" The word was small but the accent of disgust was sufficient. "Say,"—the old man waved a gnarled hand stiffly in a downward gesture of dismissal—"that guy's a pain in the neck! No, I ain't seen him tonight."

"Oh, Hank's all right," said Herbert cheerfully. "You know how a guy gets when he gets all burned up about somethin'. But he's not a bad guy when you get him to talkin' about somethin' else."

"Yeah!" cried John excitedly, as if he was suddenly remembering something. "And you know what he says to me the other day: 'I wonder what all the rich mugs in this house would do if they had to do a hard day's work for a livin' once in a while!' Yeah," cried John indignantly, "and him a-gettin' his livin' from the people in this house! Nah-h!" John muttered to himself. "I don't like that fellow."

"Oh," said Herbert easily. "Hank don't mean half of it—he's just a grouch."

By this time he was putting on the stiff, starched shirt front which was a part of his uniform. A moment later, squinting in the mirror, he said half-absently, "So you're goin' to run out on me and the two blondes? You can't take it, huh?"

"Ah-h," said old John surlily. "I had more girls in my day than you ever thought about."

"Yeah?" said Herbert.

"Yeah," said John, "I had blondes and brunettes and every other kind."

"Just a rounder, hunh?" said Herbert. "Just an old petticoat chaser."

"Nah-h," said John, contemptuously. "I've been a married man for forty years. I got grown-up children older'n you are!"

"Why, you old—!" Herbert turned on him indignantly. "Braggin' to me about blondes and brunettes, and then boastin' that you're a family man! Why, you—"

"Ah-h," said John disgustedly, "get along with you. I've forgotten more about life than you ever heard about, so don't think you're goin' to make a monkey out of me with your cute talk."

"Well, you're makin' a big mistake this time, Pop," said Herbert. "Wait till you see 'em—these two blondes. I picked one of 'em out just for you. What do you say, pal?" he cried boisterously to Henry, the night doorman, who had just come in. "Here I get Pop all dated up with a couple of blondes and he runs out on me. Is that treatin' a guy right or not?"

Henry did not answer. His face was hard and white and narrow, and he never smiled. He took off his coat and hung it in the locker.

"Where were you?" he said.

Herbert looked at him startled.

"Where was I when?" he said.

"Last night."

"That was my night off," said Herbert.

"It wasn't *our* night off," said Henry. "We had a meetin'. They was askin' about you." He turned and directed his hard look toward the old man. "And you too," he said in a hard tone. "You didn't show up either."

Old John's face had hardened too. He had shifted his position, and begun to drum impatiently with his old fingers upon the side of the elevator. Now his own eyes were hard and flinty as he returned the other's look, and there was no mistaking the hostility instinctive to two types of personality that must always clash.

"Oh yeah?" he said again in a hard voice.

And Henry answered briefly: "Yeah. Where the hell do you suppose we'd be if everyone ran out on us every time we held a meetin'? What's the use of anything if we ain't goin' to stick together?"

He was silent for a moment, looking almost sullenly at Her-

Scribner's SHORT NOVEL

Thomas Wolfe was discovered by Scribner's Magazine (see page 5). *His first story, "An Angel on the Porch," was published in our pages ten years ago, and in the decade following—a decade during which Wolfe became possibly the greatest of America's novelists—he continued as a frequent contributor. And so it is especially fitting that the last work of fiction from Thomas Wolfe should be published in Scribner's. "The Party at Jack's" is not, technically speaking, a Short Novel. But then none of Wolfe's writings ever conformed to conventions. He wrote as he lived—without restraint, pattern, or plan. "The Party at Jack's" forms a part of Wolfe's last full-length novel which is to be published by Harper.*

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bert. But when he spoke again, his tone was gentler and somehow suggestive that there was buried underneath his hard exterior a genuine affection for his errant comrade. "I guess it's O.K. this time," he said quietly.

He said nothing more and began swiftly to take off his clothes.

Herbert looked flustered but relieved. For a moment he seemed about to speak, but changed his mind: he took a final appraising look at his appearance in the small mirror, and then, taking his place upon the elevator with a simulation of fine regret, he said, "Well, O.K., O.K. If that's the way you feel, Pop, about the blondes—only, you may change your mind when you get a look at them."

"No, I won't change my mind, neither," said John with sour implacability. "About them, or about you." He pulled the lever and the elevator started up. "You're a lot of talk—that's what you are. I don't listen to anything you say." He stopped the elevator and opened the heavy green-sheet door of the service car.

"So that's the kind of a friend you are?" said Herbert, stepping out into the corridor. He winked swiftly at two pretty, rosy Irish maids who were waiting to go up, and jerking his thumb toward the old man, he said, "What are you goin' to do with a guy like this anyway? I go and get him all dated up with a blonde and he won't believe me when I tell him so. He calls me a big wind."

"Yeah, that's what he is," said the old man grimly to the smiling girls. "If he saw a blonde he'd run like a rabbit."

Herbert paused at the door and looked back menacingly at the old man, a look that was belied by the exuberant sparkle of his eyes. "Oh yeah?" he said dangerously.

"Yeah!" said John implacably.

Herbert stared fiercely at him a moment, then winked swiftly at the two girls and departed.

"That fellow's just a lot of talk," said John sourly as the two girls stepped into the car. "He lives with his mother up in the Bronx, and he'd be scared stiff if a girl ever looked at him."

"Still, Herbert ought to have a girl," one of the girls said practically. "Herbert's a nice boy, John."

"Oh, he's all right, I guess," the old man muttered. Then abruptly, "What are you folks doin' tonight anyway? There are a whole lot of packages waitin' to come up."

"Mrs. Jack is having a big party," one of the girls said. "And John, will you bring everything up as soon as you can? There may be something we need right away."

"Well," he said in that half-belligerent tone that seemed to be a kind of inverted attribute to his real good nature, "I'll do the best I can. You'd think all some people had to do was give parties all the time. It would take a whole regiment of men just to carry up packages to them. Yeah!" he muttered angrily to himself. "If you ever got so much as a word of thanks—"

"Oh, John," one of the girls now said reproachfully, "you know that Mrs. Jack isn't like that—"

"Oh, she's all right, I guess," said John unwillingly as before, and yet his tone had softened imperceptibly. "If all of them were like her," he began—and then, as the memory of that night's experience with the panhandler came back to him, he muttered angrily, "she's too good-natured for her own good. Them panhandling bums—they swarm around her like flies every time she leaves the building."

The old man's face had flushed with anger at the memory. He had opened the door on the service landing, and now as the girls stepped out, he muttered to himself again: "The kind of people we got in this building oughtn't to have to put up with it . . . Well then, I'll see—" he said concedingly as one of the maids unlocked the service door and went in. "I'll get it up to you."

Henry the doorman was just coming up from the basement as the old man reached the ground floor. John called to him. "If they try to deliver any packages out front," he said, "you send 'em around here."

Henry turned and looked at the old man unsmilingly a moment, and then said curtly, "Why?"

The question, with its insolent suggestion of defied authority, infuriated the old man. "Because that's where they ought to come," he rasped out harshly. "That's why. Don't you know the kind of people we got here don't want every Tom, Dick, and Harry with a package to deliver running up in the front elevator all the time mixin' in with all the people in the house!"

Henry looked at him with eyes as hard and emotionless as two chunks of agate. "Listen," he said in a moment in a toneless voice. "You know what's going to happen to you if you don't watch out? You're gettin' old, Pop, and you'd better watch your step. You're goin' to be caught in the street some day worryin' about what's goin' to happen to people in this place if they have to ride up in the same elevator with a delivery boy. You're goin' to worry about it so much that you ain't goin' to notice where you're goin'. And you're goin' to get hit. See?"

For a moment the old man felt something in him tremble at the unutterable passion of that flinty monotone.

"You're goin' to get hit, Pop. And you're goin' to get hit by at least a Rolls Royce. And I hope it belongs to one of the people in this house. Because I want you to push off knowin' that it was done expensive—by a big Rolls Royce—by one of the people in this house. I want you to be happy, Pop."

Old John's face was purple. He tried to speak, but no words came, and at length, all else having failed him, he managed to choke out the familiar phrase: "Oh yeah?"

Just for a moment more the eyes surveyed him with their granite hostility.

"Yeah!" said Henry tonelessly, and departed.

III

Mrs. Jack came from her room a little after eight o'clock and walked along the broad hallway that traversed her big apartment from front to rear. Her party would begin at half past eight, but long experience told her that the affair would not be going at full swing until after nine. Nevertheless she felt a tension of excitement, not unpleasurable, even though it was now sharpened by the tincture of an apprehensive doubt. Would all be ready? Had she forgotten anything? Had the girls blundered in some way—would something now be lacking?

The wrinkled line between her eyes grew deeper as she thought about these things, and unconsciously she began to slip the old jade ring on and off her finger with a quick movement of her small, strong hand. It was the gesture of a highly able person who had come to have a certain instinctive mistrust in the abilities of other people less gifted than herself. So understood it was a gesture of impatience and some scorn, a scorn not born of arrogance, or any lack of warm humanity, but one that was inclined to say a trifle sharply: "Yes, yes, I know! Can I depend on you to do what must be done?"

By this time she had reached the entrance to the living room and was looking quickly about, assuring herself that everything was in its proper place. Her examination pleased her. Her earnest little face began to undergo a subtle transformation: in fact, it actually began to bloom, to take on somehow the look of satisfac- (*continued on page* 40)

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An Angel on the Porch

BY THOMAS WOLFE

LATE on an afternoon in young summer Queen Elizabeth came quickly up into the square past Gant's marble-shop. Surrounded by the stones, the slabs, the cold carved lambs of death, the stonecutter leaned upon the rail and talked with Jannadeau, the faithful burly Swiss who, fenced in a little rented place among Gant's marbles, was probing with delicate monocled intentness into the entrails of a watch.

"There goes the Queen," said Gant, stopping for a moment their debate.

"A smart woman. A pippin as sure as you're born," he added, with relish.

He bowed gallantly with a sweeping flourish of his great-boned frame of six feet five. "Good evening, madam."

She replied with a bright smile of friendliness which may have had in it the flicker of old memory, including Jannadeau with a cheerful impersonal nod. For just a moment more she paused, turning her candid stare upon smooth granite slabs of death, carved lambs and cherubim within the shop, and finally on an angel stationed beside the door upon Gant's little porch. Then, with her brisk, firm tread, she passed the shop, untroubled by the jeweller's heavy stare of wounded virtue, as he glowered up from his dirty littered desk, following her vanishing form with a guttural mutter of distaste.

They resumed their debate:

"And you may mark my words," proceeded Gant, wetting his big thumb, as if he had never been interrupted, and continuing his attack upon the Democratic party, and all the bad weather, fire, famine, and pestilence that attended its administration, "if they get in again we'll have soup-kitchens, the banks will go to the wall, and your guts will grease your backbone before another winter's over."

The Swiss thrust out a dirty hand toward the library he consulted in all disputed areas—a greasy edition of "The World Almanac," three years old—saying triumphantly, after a moment of dirty thumbing, in strange wrenched accent: "Ah—just as I thought: the muni*cip*-al taxation of Milwaukee under De*moc*-ratic administration in 1905 was two dollars and twenty-five cents the hundred, the lowest it had been in years. I cannot ima-*gine* why the total revenue is not given."

Judiciously reasonable, statistically argumentative, the Swiss argued with animation against his Titan, picking his nose with blunt black fingers, his broad yellow face breaking into flaccid creases, as he laughed gutturally at Gant's unreason, and at the rolling periods of his rhetoric.

Thus they talked in the shadow of the big angel that stood just beyond the door upon Gant's porch, leering down upon their debate with a smile of idiot benevolence. Thus they talked, while Elizabeth passed by, in the cool damp of Gant's fantastical brick shack, surrounded by the stones, the slabs, the cold carved lambs of death. And as they talked the gray and furtive eyes of the stonecutter, which darkened so seldom now with the shade of the old hunger—for stone and the cold wrought face of an angel—looked out into the square at all the little pullulation of the town, touched, as that woman passed his door with gallant tread, by a memory he thought had died forever. The lost words. The forgotten faces. Where? When?

He was getting on to sixty-five, his long, erect body had settled, he stooped a little. He spoke of old age often, and he wept in his tirades now because of his great right hand, stiffened by rheumatism, which once had carved so cunningly the dove, the lamb, the cold joined hands of death (but never the soft stone face of an angel). Soaked in pity, he referred to himself as "The poor old cripple who has to provide for the whole family."

That proud and sensual flesh was on its way to dust.

The indolence of age and disintegration was creeping over him. He rose now a full hour later, he came to his shop punctually, but he spent long hours of the day extended on the worn leather couch of his office, or in gossip with Jannadeau, bawdy old Liddell, Cardiac, his doctor, and Fagg Sluder, who had salted away his fortune in two big buildings on the square, and was at the present moment tilted comfortably in a chair before the fire department, gossiping eagerly with members of the ball club, whose chief support he was. It was after five o'clock, the game was over.

Negro laborers, grisly with a white coating of cement, sloped down past the shop on their way home. The draymen dispersed slowly, a slouchy policeman loafed down the steps of the city hall picking his teeth, and on the market side, from high grilled windows, there came the occasional howls of a drunken negress. Life buzzed slowly like a fly.

The sun had reddened slightly, there was a cool flowing breath from the hills, a freshening relaxation over the tired earth, the hope, the ecstasy, of evening in the air. In slow pulses the thick plume of fountain rose, fell upon itself, and slapped the pool in lazy rhythms. A wagon rattled leanly over the big cobbles; beyond the firemen, the grocer Bradly wound up his awning with slow, creaking revolutions.

Across the square at its other edge the young virgins of the eastern part of town walked lightly home in chattering groups. They came to town at four o'clock in the afternoon, walked up and down the little avenue several times, entered a shop to purchase small justifications, and finally went into the chief drug-store, where the bucks of the town loafed and drawled in lazy, alert groups. It was their club, their brasserie, the forum of the sexes. With confident smiles the

NOTE

Thomas Wolfe's "An Angel on the Porch" was published in the August, 1929, issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE with these words of editorial comment: "The first work of a new writer about whom much will be heard this fall." That was almost exactly nine years before Wolfe's death. We are republishing "An Angel on the Porch" in this issue as an appropriate companion for "The Party at Jack's." The first and, we are sorry to say, the last Thomas Wolfe to appear in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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young men detached themselves from their group and strolled back to booth and table.

"Hey theah! Wheahd you come from?"

"Move ovah theah, lady. I want to tawk to you."

Gant looked and saw. His thin mouth was tickled by a faint sly smile. He wet his big thumb quickly.

While his fugitive eyes roved over the east end of the square, Gant talked with Jannadeau. Before the shop the comely matrons of the town came up from the market. From time to time they smiled, seeing him, and he bowed sweepingly. Such lovely manners!

"The king of England," he observed, "is only a figurehead. He doesn't begin to have the power of the President of the United States."

"His power is severely li*mit*ed," said Jannadeau gutturally, "by custom but not by statute. In actu*ality* he is still one of the most powerful monarchs in the world." His thick black fingers probed carefully into the viscera of a watch.

"The late King Edward, for all his faults," said Gant, wetting his thumb, "was a smart man. This fellow they've got now is a nonentity and a nincompoop." He grinned faintly, with pleasure, at this ghost of his old rhetoric, glancing furtively at the Swiss to see if the big words told.

His uneasy eyes followed carefully the stylish carriage of Queen Elizabeth's well-clad figure as she came down by the shop again. She smiled pleasantly, bound homeward for her latticed terrace. He bowed elaborately.

"Good evening, madam," he said.

She disappeared. In a moment she came back decisively and mounted the broad steps. He watched her approach with quickened pulses. Twelve years.

"How's the madam?" he said gallantly as she crossed the porch. "Elizabeth, I was just telling Jannadeau you were the most stylish woman in town."

"Well, that's mighty sweet of you, Mr. Gant," she said in her cool, poised voice. "You've always got a good word for every one."

She gave a bright, pleasant nod to Jannadeau, who swung his huge scowling head ponderously around and muttered at her.

"Why, Elizabeth," said Gant, "you haven't changed an inch in fifteen years. I don't believe you're a day older."

She was thirty-eight and cheerfully aware of it.

"Oh, yes," she said laughing. "You're only saying that to make me feel good. I'm no chicken any more."

She had a pale, clear skin, pleasantly freckled, carrot-colored hair, and a thin mouth live with humor. Her figure was trim and strong—no longer young. She had a great deal of energy, distinction, and elegance in her manner.

"How are all the girls, Elizabeth?" he asked kindly.

Her face grew sad. She began to pull her gloves off.

"That's what I came in to see you about," she said. "I lost one of them last week."

"Yes," said Gant gravely, "I was sorry to hear of that."

"She was the best girl I had," said Elizabeth. "I'd have done anything in the world for her. We did everything we could," she added. "I've no regrets on that score. I had a doctor and two trained nurses by her all the time."

She opened her black leather handbag, thrust her gloves into it, and pulling out a small blue-bordered handkerchief began to weep quietly.

"Huh-huh-huh-huh-huh," said Gant, shaking his head. "Too bad, too bad, too bad. Come back to my office," he said. They went back to the dusty little room and sat down. Elizabeth dried her eyes.

"What was her name?" he asked.

"We called her Lily—her full name was Lilian Reed."

"Why, I knew that girl," he exclaimed. "I spoke to her not over two weeks ago." He convinced himself permanently that this was true.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "she went like that—one hemorrhage right after another. Nobody ever knew she was sick until last Wednesday. Friday she was gone." She wept again.

"T-t-t-t-t-t," he clucked regretfully. "Too bad, too bad. She was pretty as a picture."

"I couldn't have loved her more, Mr. Gant," said Elizabeth, "if she had been my own daughter."

"How old was she?" he asked.

"Twenty-two," said Elizabeth, beginning to weep again.

"What a pity! What a pity!" he agreed. "Did she have any people?"

"No one who would do anything for her," Elizabeth said. "Her mother died when she was thirteen—she was born out here on the Beetree Fork—and her father," she added indignantly, "is a mean old devil who's never done anything for her or any one else. He didn't even come to her funeral."

"He will be punished," said Gant darkly.

"As sure as there's a God in heaven," Elizabeth agreed, "he'll get what's coming to him in hell. The dirty old crook!" she continued virtuously, "I hope he rots!"

"You can depend upon it," he said grimly. "He will. Ah, Lord." He was silent a moment while he shook his head with slow regret.

"A pity, a pity," he muttered. "So young." He had the moment of triumph all men have when they hear some one has died. A moment, too, of grisly fear—sixty-four.

"I couldn't have loved her more," said Elizabeth, "if she'd been one of my own. A young girl like that with all her life before her."

"It's pretty sad when you come to think of it," he said. "By God, it is!"

"And she was such a fine girl, Mr. Gant," said Elizabeth, weeping softly. "She had such a bright future before her. She had more opportunities than I ever had, and I suppose you know"—she spoke modestly—"what I've done."

"Why," he exclaimed, startled, "you're a rich woman, Elizabeth—damned if I don't believe you are. You own property all over town."

"I wouldn't say that," she answered, "but I've got enough to live on without ever doing another lick of work. I've had to work hard all my life. From now on I don't intend to turn my hand over."

She looked at him with a shy, pleased smile, and touched a coil of her fine hair with a small competent hand. He looked at her attentively, noting with pleasure her firm uncorseted hips, moulded compactly into her tailored suit, and her cocked comely legs tapering to graceful feet, shod in neat little slippers of tan. She was firm, strong, washed, and elegant—a faint scent of lilac hovered over her. He looked at her candid eyes, lucently gray, and saw that she was quite a great lady.

"By God, Elizabeth," he said, "you're a fine-looking woman!"

"I've had a good life," she said. "I've taken care of myself."

They had always known each other—since first they met. They had no excuses, no questions, no replies. The world fell away from them. In the silence they heard the pulsing slap of the fountain, the high laughter of bawdry in the square. He took a book of models from the desk and began to turn its slick pages. They showed modest blocks of Georgia marble and Vermont granite.

"I don't want any of these," she said impatiently. "I've already made up my mind. I know what I want."

He looked up surprised. "What is it?"

"I want the angel out front."

His face was startled and unwilling. He gnawed the (*continued on page* 62)

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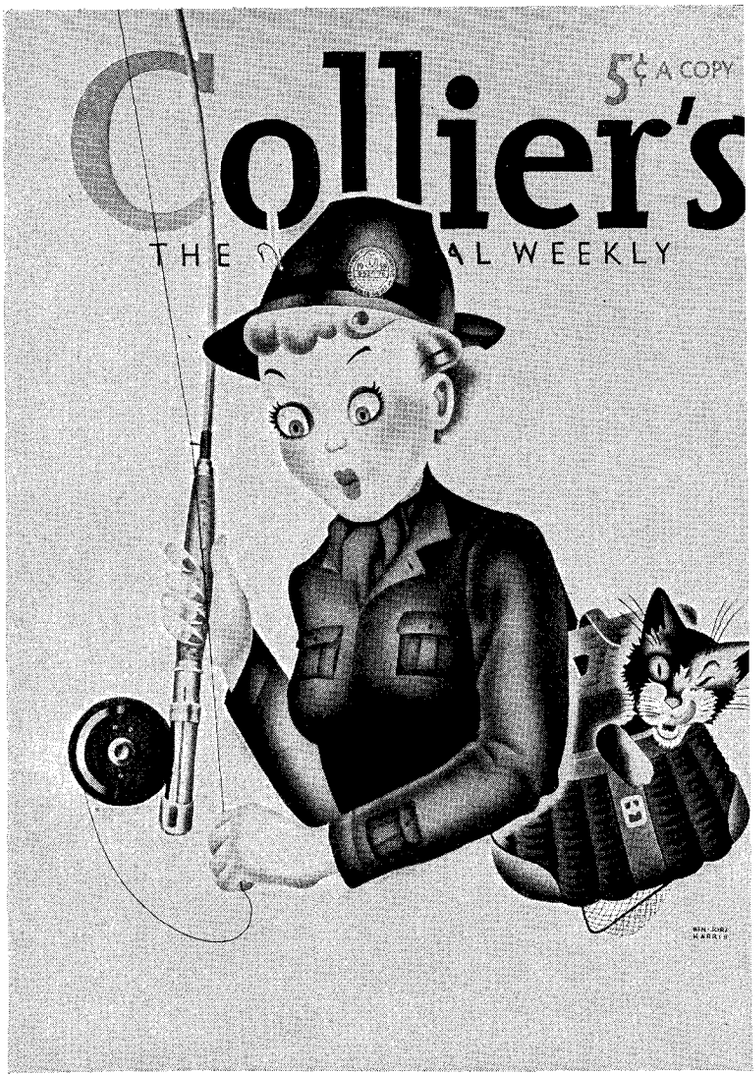

Collier's

HICKMAN POWELL

A magazine that came back . . . how an editorial formula was developed with $15,000,000 backing . . . big names, gay heroines and circulation efficiency . . . first of a new series

THE famous lady novelist was indignant. She flounced in through the always open door of Thomas Hambly Beck, the new boss at *Collier's*. Down on his desk she slapped a rejected manuscript. The rejection, so a sympathetic and indiscreet editor had told her, had been perpetrated by Mr. Beck himself.

This was back in the 1920's, not long after the Crowell Publishing Company had bought the moribund *Collier's* and discovered the weekly could lose money almost as fast as it could be made by the company's *American Magazine* or *Woman's Home Companion*. Tom Beck was one of the few men in America who could out-talk an angry lady novelist. As a soap salesman he had rung countless doorbells, humored thousands of unfriendly dogs, banished the frowns of a myriad of busy housewives. Having built up the Procter and Gamble power-laundry soap department and launched Crisco on the national market, he did not stand in awe of famous authors. When she asked what he knew about literature, Beck said: "Madame, I know nothing about literature. Professors know about literature. While I was reading your story, I was thinking about a family in Muncie, Indiana. [This was before the Lynds discovered Middletown.] They're buying their own home, have a car partly paid for, a son on the high-school basketball team, and a daughter starting to go out with the boys. I know those people, thousands of 'em. They don't give a hoot about literature, but they love stories.

"I was wondering whether I could go to that family, tell them a few things about your story, and have them want to buy it for a nickel. If I think they'll want your story for a nickel, we'll pay you $1000 for it. And if we can get a dozen things like that in a magazine, I know we can sell it."

When Beck uttered this dictum, there was little about *Collier's* to justify his assurance. It was a discouraged, moth-eaten, hungry-looking sheet, about which persisted a depressing scent of premature old age and uplift. It was trying to attract the people of Muncie with articles on "More Business in Government, Less Government in Business" and "7 Cents an Hour for Taxes."

Collier's today is a medium of advertising which sells 2,750,000 copies a week and challenges the *Saturday Evening Post's* long leadership in the mass-circulation field. Weekly it dispenses a dependable quota of murderous fictional villains and of young women in shorts and halters, with long, slim athletic legs, vibrantly in love with young men who have long slim legs, hair on their chests, and a wallop in each fist.

Collier's staff writers dash over land and sea by airplane to get hot news stories which will appear on the newsstands not sooner than four or five weeks later, with facts boiled down into glittering stories of personalities in action —Hollywood fluffies, heavyweights, ski jumpers, war lords, and statesmen. The writers are proud their articles are set forth with an open-minded point of view, virile respect for basic fact, and absence of propaganda; Tom Beck is proud they are "bits of information in small capsules, sugar-coated." The magazine is an article of commerce more brightly packaged and more efficiently sold than any breakfast food; a vehicle of light entertainment as dependable and competently engineered as a V-8 straight from the assembly line; a slick journal with a zip of showmanship on every page, as lively and contemporary as a swing band.

Peter F. Collier founded his magazine in 1888, as a premium to go with books sold on the installment plan. He coddled it along to provide a job for his son Robert. Back in the earnest days of the first Roosevelt, Robert Collier paid Norman Hapgood $25,000 a year to edit the journal. Hapgood piled fact upon mountains of fact to expose evil, quoted Browning and Wordsworth at his readers, thundered at corruption and corporations. He had such artists as Frederic Remington, A. B. Frost, Maxfield Parrish, and Charles Dana Gibson under contract, at one time paying Gibson $104,000 for fifty-two double spreads. Samuel Hopkins Adams muckraked the patent-medicine business. From a page in *Collier's* a successful purge was led

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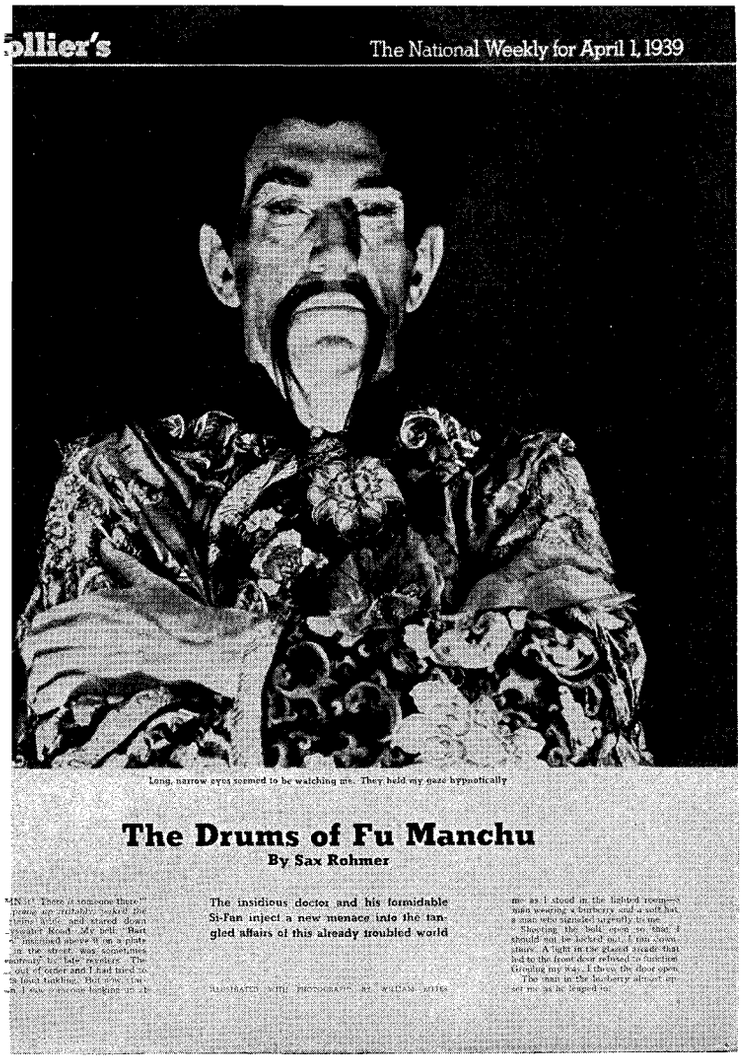
ollier's
The National Weekly for April 1, 1939
Long, narrow eyes seemed to be watching me. They held my gaze hypnotically
The Drums of Fu Manchu
By Sax Rohmer
The insidious doctor and his formidable Si-Fan inject a new menace into the tangled affairs of this already troubled world

against the reactionary Republican leaders in Congress, by a roaring young liberal named Mark Sullivan. *Collier's* boosted its circulation from 300,000 to 600,000. Reform was profitable.

After his father died, the younger Collier paid little attention to business, and borrowed money from his friend Harry Payne Whitney. Improvidence got the magazine in hock to the very financial interests against which it had tilted, and under the deadening hand of the bankers the flaming sword grew cold. When Robert Collier died in 1918 his business was a wreck. Tom Beck, who had been sales manager for Collier before he joined the Crowell company, persuaded J. P. Knapp, the controlling stockholder of Crowell, to buy *Collier's*. This was done in 1919, by settling up *Collier's* debts. The cost was about $1,750,000.

Norman Hapgood had boasted that under him *Collier's* stood first among magazines in influence upon the public. Now under Beck the magazine was out to please, to make money. Without a torch to carry or a sermon to preach, it sought to be influenced by the public. And within a few years *Collier's* was so successful that Beck could visualize *Collier's* market not merely as the family in Muncie but as the Active Market—that vast mass of Americans who are always on the go, dashing around to football games, hockey matches, prize fights, and bathing beaches, wearing out shoes and automobile tires. As circulation mounted, he was even able to become exclusive about it; at one point when subscribers protested against cigarette and liquor advertising Beck, who knows his promotion, snatched out his own checkbook and bought back their subscriptions.

"Glad to get rid of 'em, don't want 'em!" he exclaimed. "They're cement heads! They sit in rocking chairs! *They* don't buy Jantzen bathing suits!"

II

So clearly does Tom Beck personify the emotional tone of *Collier's* today that it would be easy to assume the magazine had sprung to life spontaneously in response to the magic of his personality. That would simplify this story, but unfortunately it is not quite true. Once it had bought *Collier's,* the Crowell company found it had a Jonah. In rapid succession came a paper shortage, a general strike of the printers, and the 1920 depression. It was off the newsstands for four consecutive weeks. Advertisers stampeded away from what seemed a dying enterprise. The readers gradually expired from boredom. *Collier's* needed an editor.

There were only three editors during the six years this monthly-magazine organization fumbled for the elusive secret of running a weekly; but so insecure was their tenure that they seemed like a rapid procession. As George Creel put it one day, in refusing to wait twenty minutes outside the editorial sanctum, "I don't know who the editor will be twenty minutes from now."

Finally, at the end of 1924, the Crowell company came upon William Ludlow Chenery, who had been managing editor of Munsey's New York *Sun*. It was decided to give him a try as editor of *Collier's*. Then suddenly the circulation department began clicking. From 850,000 in 1924, the circulation leaped to 1,500,000 by the end of 1927, passed 2,000,000 in 1929, and by 1931 had reached 2,330,156. With elation the management noted that *Collier's* growth during those six years paralleled that of the *Saturday Evening Post* in the period from 1907 to 1913—the days when George Horace Lorimer showed that the virtues of the businessman were even more popular than the iniquities which Hapgood was exposing.

As *Collier's* soared, its stockholders were forced to bank a spectacular gambling operation. In 1924, advertising revenues had fallen below $1,700,000; white paper was pouring through the presses like a stream of gold with no corresponding growth of income. Game for the risk, the Crowell stockholders in 1926 floated among themselves an additional 25,000 shares of stock to finance the expansion; but by 1927 the Crowell company had poured more than $10,000,000 into *Collier's* losses and some of the owners began having qualms.

Then spoke up Mr. Knapp, the controlling stockholder. Mr. Knapp is a printer, as well as a publisher, and is an old-fashioned bull on America. In 1939, seventy-five years old, he is still building up his rotogravure business, which dominates that form of printing in this country. In 1927 he pointed to charts which showed a steady upward course for *Collier's,* said he saw daylight ahead in about three years. If any stockholders wanted to quit, he would be glad to buy them out. Everybody decided to go ahead.

By the time the business boom broke in 1929, *Collier's* was just starting to break even. The stockholders had sunk into it nearly $15,000,000 in cold, hard cash.

It was good that they did so, because the poor stepchild was soon to become the biggest breadwinner in the family. Today the Crowell printing plant at Springfield, Ohio, turns out more than 20,000,000 magazines a month, and more than half of them are *Collier's*. By 1937 *Collier's* gross revenues, $13,000,000, exceeded the total take of Crowell's three monthlies—*American, Woman's Home Companion,* and *The Country Home*. That year *Collier's* contributed a larger share of profit than the *Companion* to Crowell's $3,790,000 profits.

III

When Chenery went to work, *Collier's* did not put his name on the masthead. Instead Tom Beck printed his own name there as Editorial Director. Chenery might not last.

The new editor hardly seemed like

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a popular showman. He was a quiet-mannered Virginia gentleman, forty years old, who had pursued advanced studies in sociology and written scholarly newspaper editorials. His little magazine experience had been on the *Survey,* a social-service journal. Today, seeking to express what he strives for in *Collier's,* Chenery plucks the phrase "animal spirits" from the eighteenth-century novel *Tom Jones.* But his own literary taste did not control his journalism. At one time a valued member of Chenery's staff was an unusually stupid office boy, test reader for doubtful manuscripts. If that boy could understand an article, then anybody could.

One of the first things Chenery did, they say at *Collier's,* was to have it settled that he was really the editor. Soon after taking the job, Chenery had a session with the owner, who had made a suggestion. He told Mr. Knapp his orders would be followed; but if this was a suggestion, and editorial judgment was to be used, then the verdict was no. Knapp refused to give orders, and Chenery proceeded to edit the magazine.

Chenery's salary is $26,000 a year. His editorial and art budget is $1,200,000 a year. That is $23,000 an issue, about nine-tenths of a cent per copy. For this money in a typical issue the reader gets:

1. Four-color humorous cover, amiably combining the styles of cartoon and poster art. Example: slim bathing girl with nice legs hangs Christmas decorations on a palm tree.

2. Four articles: leading piece on economics, politics, or war, by big name or staff man, told usually through personality or incident; fluffy bit on Hollywood or stage personality; piece on the current sport; piece for women, often aimed also at men.

3. Three short stories, one humorous, and one short short story (a *Collier's* invention), emphasizing plots compounded of violent physical action, athletics, murder, and tingling young love.

4. Two serials, both devoted to mystery, thrills, and love. Recent examples: *The Green Angel,* by George F. Worts, murder on a vast country estate, with multimillionaire villain; *The Resounding Skies,* by Lawrence G. Blochman, competing Nazi and American radio propaganda in Central America, with multiple murders.

5. Drawings and photographs with lavish use of color, close-ups, and action, with splashing layouts which dominate every editorial feature, the most striking characteristic of the book.

6. Twelve to twenty cartoons an issue, giving *Collier's* a reputation as the best gag-artist's market. A cartoon is used on almost every page at the back of the book as a "stopper" to halt the reader. *New Yorker* cartoonists sell here, in their less precious moods. Dumb females, convicts, burglars, and policemen dominate, with gags reaching for belly laughs. Jay Irving's fat cops appear weekly, also George Price's "screwballs," the only drawings of that type welcomed there.

7. Miscellany, such as a column of chatter by Walter Davenport.

8. A single editorial of liberal, common-sense slant with Fitzpatrick or Carl Rose cartoon. All recently written by Reuben Maury, whose shirt-sleeve lucidity distinguishes the editorial page of the New York *Daily News.*

This budget of editorial fare developed by evolution. The first thing Chenery did in 1925 was organize a staff, so he could get things done in the way he wanted, quickly and accurately, newspaper fashion. He already had John B. Kennedy and the late William G. Shepherd. He brought in Walter Davenport, W. B. Courtney, John T. Flynn, Owen P. White, and Kyle Crichton.

They were a high-spirited, convivial crew, something new for the sedate workaday Crowell editorial offices on the thirteenth floor of the Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, Manhattan, where high-priced editors and writers sit from 9:00 to 5:00 in small glass-partitioned cubicles ranged around the windows. Chenery one day summed up this matter, emerging from his cubicle and remarking gently to his office at large:

"Gentlemen, may I suggest that the staff get drunk in shifts?"

The staff's animal spirits soon overflowed into the magazine. Prohibition was the biggest news in 1925, and Chenery turned his men loose on it, sending them over the country to see how the experiment was working. When the stories began appearing, 3000 prohibitionists canceled their subscriptions, but were hardly noticed among thousands of new readers. *Collier's* would have dropped the subject quickly if it hadn't gone well, if prohibition had turned out to be the sacred cow most mass journals thought it. But trial found Chenery a campaign which was to be bigger than any of Hapgood's. Looking back, it is clear the exposure of prohibition started the new lease on life for *Collier's.*

After repeal the most easily discernible editorial policy was a friendly, though not uncritical, attitude toward the New Deal. Chenery was a liberal and Beck was a friend of Jim Farley and Roosevelt. *Collier's* had its own NRA proposal, heard confidentially (at the White House) about the Blue Eagle just in time to tear open its forms and substitute that bird for its own emblem. Lots of New Deal voters who were indignant at the *Saturday Evening Post* became readers of *Collier's.* When the *Post* last year published Alva Johnston's attack on Jimmy Roosevelt's insurance business, *Collier's* with lusty competitive showmanship grabbed Jimmy's answer, published his actual income-tax returns.

Collier's rapidly developed a style and tone of its own. An assistant in the office named Charles Colebaugh was made managing editor, and developed into a cold-minded, shirt-sleeve executive who

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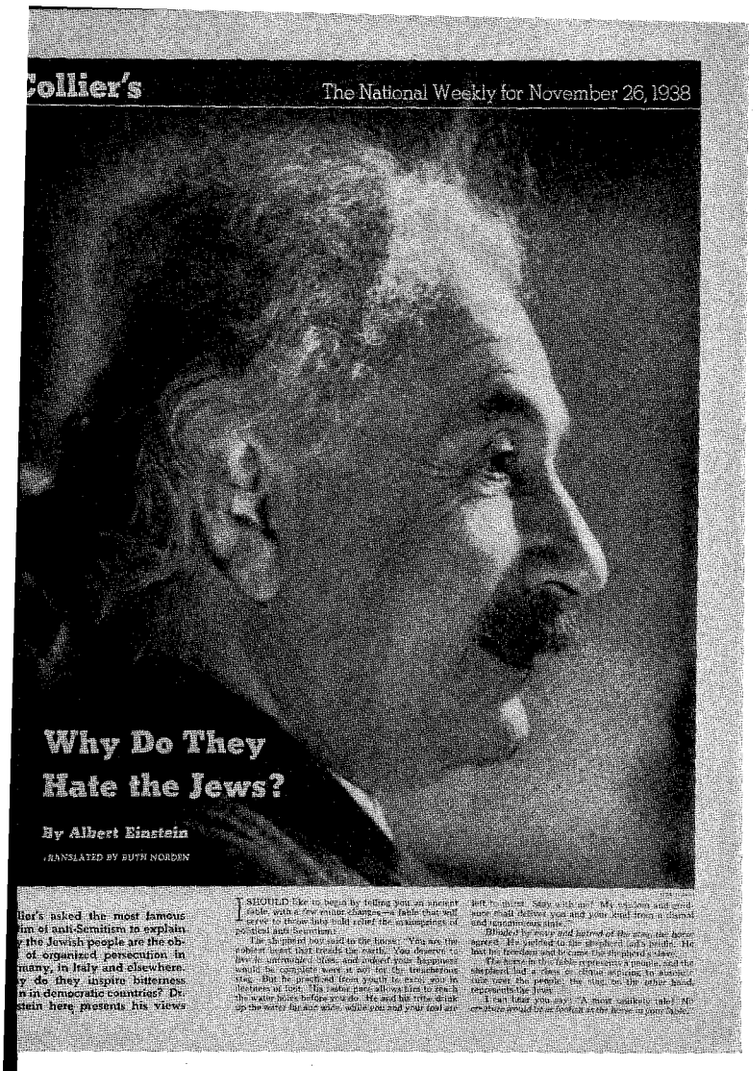
Collier's
The National Weekly for November 26, 1938
Why Do They Hate the Jews?
By Albert Einstein
TRANSLATED BY RUTH NORDEN

knew what he wanted and spared no pains to get it; he would worry a headline as a terrier would a rat; gradually he livened up the dress of the book. Space was limited, so all writing was cut; that speeded up the tempo. But writing did not develop into the blunt headline style found in *Liberty*. Influenced by Davenport, it became genial, meandering, intimate. Dull facts were thrown out to make room to spread personality, both of subject and writer.

One weekly lead article became the main feature of the magazine, skimming a weighty news subject. Three times out of four this is what is promoted and advertised on the cover. About half are written by staff men, half by big names. Examples, staff: W. B. Courtney on war in Ethiopia, war in Spain, war in China, colonization in Alaska, aviation everywhere; Davenport lampooning political montebanks; John T. Flynn on the farm problem or investment stagnation. Examples, big names: H. G. Wells on the New Deal; Winston Churchill defying German bombers; Einstein on anti-Semitism, which hit the stands a few weeks after last fall's pogroms; Benny Goodman on jitterbugs.

The big names have to hop up their writing for *Collier's* and keep it short. Once the late Dr. S. Parkes Cadman did a piece on the need for rewriting the Bible, wrote 10,000 words, demanded it be printed just as written or not at all. He was sent a rewritten version of 2500 words with an offer of $1000 for it, and gracefully accepted. Winston Churchill had to rewrite his stuff two or three times for *Collier's* before he made the grade, but he finally clicked. Writers who have done their stuff over to punch it up for *Collier's* include Kathleen Norris, Sax Rohmer, E. Phillips Oppenheim, and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Some staff men work on salary, most of them on guarantees with good piece rates. Big guns now are Davenport, Courtney, and Quentin Reynolds, a bluff mountain of energy who is likely to be at the ringside when brawls break out at the Stork Club. Taken on a few years ago to do sports, he turned versatile, in 1937 made $16,405. Last winter he did pieces on Hollywood, Broadway, basketball, NYA girls in New Mexico, the pogrom in Germany, the boy assassin of Vom Rath, plus a short story about a schoolteacher who proved he was a man by beating up a kidnaper who had a gun against his ribs. Most sport pieces now are done by newspapermen.

All over the country, *Collier's* has confidential correspondents, known as Mr. X, who write in news and gossip from their towns to keep the editors in touch with what people are thinking. One of these, Jim Marshall, was so good he was taken on the staff, and in 1937 was blown almost to pieces when the Japs bombed the *Panay* on the Yangtze. (The news got into *Collier's* seven weeks later.) *Collier's* men get around a lot. Tom Beck was on the first passenger plane to Bermuda, the first across the Pacific, and will be in the first to cross the Atlantic. In the first week of March this year Marshall was in Alberta, just back from South America; Courtney in Manila, doing a piece on Guam; Kyle Crichton just back from Hollywood; Davenport in Alabama; Denver Lindley just back from scouting an article in Boston; Reynolds starting for Chicago; Max Wilkinson in the South hunting for new fiction writers.

In 1927 the *Collier's* fiction desk was taken over by Kenneth Littauer, a plot expert from the pulp magazines, who also picks stories for *Woman's Home Companion,* and action took supremacy. Today when Mignon G. Eberhart does a mystery for some magazine it may be loaded with atmosphere, but for *Collier's* she does pure action. J. P. Marquand may satirize *The Late George Apley* in the *Post,* even let Mr. Moto proceed in leisurely fashion, but in *Collier's* his gangsters and heiresses are kept busy.

Psychological conflicts in *Collier's* are minimized, pointed up by violence as men clash with primitive weapons. Out of fifty-six short stories published in the first twelve issues of 1939, seven include fist fights, in four others lethal weapons include poison, a sandbag, an airplane, and a steamship; eighteen have firearms or war munitions in them. If the twenty-four installments of murder serials are considered separate items, the score reads: violent, 53; non-violent, 27.

Yet a surprising number of stories vary from formula. WPA and labor unions are spoofed good-naturedly by Roark Bradford and Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Lacking are the Cinderella motif, the success story, and usually the snob appeal. *Collier's* lovers often are humble, sometimes decide money isn't everything, sometimes even get in trouble by spending beyond their means.

Only ten of the fifty-six short stories lack some sort of love or sex interest. William MacHarg's genial Detective O'Malley, who has been solving crimes and clearing the innocent for years in *Collier's,* never bothers with a murder unless there is a dame in it. But sex in *Collier's* fiction is hard to define. You don't get the sentimental sweetness you find in the women's magazines. Neither do you get much realism. Only villains are allowed illicit amour, and then in a discreet way. Heroes quickly repent their rare carnal impulses. The girls are never sultry, or deep-breasted, as in *Cosmopolitan.* They are gay winsome nymphs, physically fit for love as yet unconsummated.

Both fiction and articles are intensely contemporary, rarely reminiscent. Yet *Collier's* did stretch a point and bid $80,000 unsuccessfully against the *Post* for Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's memoir, on the theory it was a President's love story. Later there were few regrets. Mrs. Wilson was hardly a *Collier's* girl.

Back in 1925 the magazine's cracker-

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barrel philosopher Uncle Henry (secret pseudonym of George Creel) did a piece on "The Bare Sex," remarking that "if women keep on sheddin' their clothes men are liable to become clean-minded in spite of themselves." The illustration drawn for this showed a lady of the nineties, complete with ruffles, veil, and bustle. An article on "The Mother of Three Follies Girls" was illustrated with eight photographs displaying one pair of legs, and muscular at that. In the issue of August 8, 1925, the illustrations show one bootlegger, one convict in stripes, one cowboy, one soldier, and three policemen, in static conversational poses; the only picture in the book showing a firearm was that of a .22 rifle, offered as a prize to boy salesmen. *Collier's* illustrators today do not so overlook their opportunities.

Under William O. Chessman, the art editor, the pictures are the most vital element in the book, with action photographs and drawings splashed over all the opening pages. *Collier's* artists have freedom to swing across the pages with bold, free line and emphatic contrasts of light, shade, and color; abandoning the finicky old pen-and-ink and pencil techniques, they vigorously follow the modern tendency toward subordination of detail. They have free rein up to four colors, in eight to sixteen pages of gravure made available by a special Knapp process. For covers, *Collier's* pays $250 to $500, for gag cartoons, around $45.

The artists have to keep up with the times in other ways. Aimee Larkin, a stylist formerly on *Vogue,* is on the staff to see about such things, both in text and pictures. Last June she had a girl on the cover in a strapless bathing suit, of the sort which will be seen this year. Twice a year Miss Larkin takes a dozen illustrators to a show of latest Paris models, lectures them on trends. She is having girls for this summer's issues drawn with slim waists and rounded hips; by next winter they may be wearing laced corsets.

Recently Lawson Wood sent *Collier's* from England a rough sketch for a cover idea—a kitten intently waiting for a mouse to emerge from the hole in a lady's open-toed shoe. For the finished painting the shoe had to be exactly right, not an English shoe. Miss Larkin sent him a photograph of the latest seventy-five-dollar model and directed him to the one exclusive shop in London where he could buy that shoe.

IV

COLLIER'S losses, not yet all won back, were long ago written off the books. In 1937 Crowell was able to report a net income of $2,800,000—slightly more than $300 a share on its 7 per cent preferred stock and exactly $3.68 per share on its common. This was while Crowell's competitor, Curtis Publishing Company, was making part payments on accumulated preferred dividends.

This progress would not have been possible but for able work in Crowell's business departments. Here we'll begin with circulation, headed by John Brehm. Crowell's circulation department is notable in that it sells not only its own magazines but the magazines of other publishers. Thus, to begin with, Crowell saves on overhead. Furthermore, Crowell sells efficiently. So efficiently, in fact, that in 1936, for instance, Crowell's circulation department took in $4,000,000 more than it spent. This was in sharp contrast to some magazines whose circulation efforts barely "pay out"—a circulation term which in layman's language means spending a dollar for every dollar produced in subscription revenue. Where such a situation obtains, a tremendous burden is thrown onto the advertising department—it must bear *all* the overhead plus *all* the production, editorial, art, and promotion costs. But Crowell's circulation department runs so smoothly that Crowell advertising has a $4,000,000 start where some other large magazines would be lucky to have half that much coming in net from circulation. Thus, Crowell's net earnings for the year 1936 were $2,900,000. In 1937 they dropped to $2,800,000 and in 1938 to $1,246,000. The million-and-a-half decrease in profits was a reflection of general business conditions in 1938; Crowell's gross revenues were $36,800,000 or $4,000,000 less than in 1937. To offset this drop, expenses were cut $2,500,000. Thus, Crowell paid a $2.50 dividend on its common stock without taking but 92 cents out of reserves.

The Crowell circulation system is largely an outgrowth of the book-selling system developed by old P. F. Collier, in connection with which his weekly was originally sold. This was an intricate business in which the delicate balance between door-to-door sales and collections was more important than the mere matter of printing costs. When Beck went to Crowell from *Collier's* he took with him Albert E. Winger, now treasurer and executive vice-president of Crowell ($45,240 a year). They, later augmented by the whole *Collier's* organization, transplanted the sales system, adapted it as the paid-during-service system of selling magazines. Competitors called this the installment plan, but it was not really that. The subscribers pay for the magazines before they get them—on a month-by-month basis. It is more like C. O. D. With field selling crews pushing several magazines at once, on delayed payments, for long-term subscriptions, the average sales unit was pushed up above $16, and overhead and clerical costs were cut way down.

This field selling operates under a system Mr. Winger calls budget control. The management decides whether business conditions are good enough to warrant a circulation increase for the coming year. If 100,000 increase for *Collier's* is decided upon, that is budgeted. Assuming 700,000 subscriptions will expire that year, there are 800,000 subscriptions to (*continued on page* 36)

Collier's The National Weekly for December 24, 1

Palm Beach Santa Claus

By Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. REID

Mr. Fatso Zimpi, horse player, takes a little flyer in Christmas spirit, and peace and good will take it on the lam

IT IS the afternoon of a hot day in the city of West Palm Beach, Florida, and a guy by the name of Fatso Zimpi is standing on a street corner thinking of very little and throwing so much shade that a couple of small store kids are sitting on the curb at his feet keeping cool, for this Fatso weighs three hundred pounds if he weighs a korat and as he is only about five feet eight inches tall he is really quite a tub of blubber and casts a very wide shadow.

At that he is somewhat undernourished at this time and in fact is maybe fifteen or twenty pounds underweight as he does not partake of food for two days, and if the small store kids have been hungry he is the chances are they will not be sitting so close to him. To tell the truth, Fatso is so hungry that his stomach is wondering if his throat is on a vacation and what is more he does not have as much as one thin dime in his pants pocket to relieve his predicament.

This Fatso is a horse player by trade and he is en route to Miami to participate in the winter meetings at Tropical Park and Hialeah and he leaves New York City with just enough money to get him as far as West Palm Beach by bus, but with nothing over for food and drink on the journey. However, he does not regret having to leave the bus at West Palm Beach as his strength is slowly dwindling from hunger and he figures he may be able to get something to eat there.

Besides, the bus people are talking of charging him excess fare because it seems that Fatso laps over on his side in one seat so much that they claim it is just the same as if he has three seats, and other passengers are complaining and the journey is by no means a pleasure trip to Fatso.

Well, while Fatso is standing there on the corner all of a sudden a big red roadster pulls up in the street in front of him with a good-looking tanned young guy in a sport shirt driving it and a skinny Judy sitting in the seat next to him and the skinny Judy motions for Fatso to come out to the car.

At first Fatso does not pay any attention to her because he does not wish to show around and take his shade away from the small store kids, as he can see that they are very comfortable, and what it means to kids to be kindhearted guy than Fatso ever lived no matter if they are slightly colored children. In fact Fatso is enduring no little suffering from the heat, standing there just because he is too kindhearted to move.

The skinny Judy in the roadster keeps motioning to him and then she cries "Hey, you!" in a loud tone so finally Fatso goes over to the street to the car figuring that maybe she wishes to ask

It seems that Mrs. Mimms is forgetting she is a lady and is kicking Fatso severely

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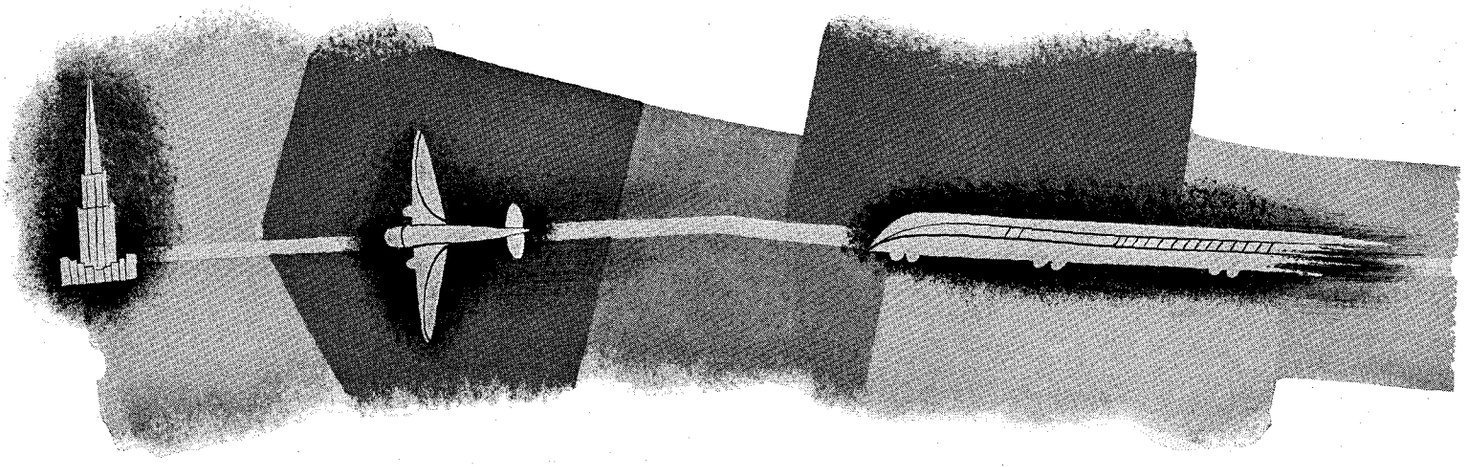

Between the Fairs

ROBERT J. LANDRY

INDUSTRIAL SIGHT-SEEING . . . *an examination of two great routes across the continent . . . what they offer to tourists interested in manufacturing processes*

FOLLOWING the old Sante Fe wagon trail the modern streamlined train zooms across the lonely desert land of New Mexico, its wheels singing over rails laid down in blood and sweat and now traveled in hip-deep cushions. Now and again the tourist glances through the broad, seam-tight window at heat and dust, and thinks thankfully of air conditioning. He dips again into his gin rickey and murmurs, "tsk, tsk," which translated means, "What a big back yard this country has."

In that back yard, the three million square miles between Treasure Island and Flushing Meadows, is a lot of scenery which right now the railroads are marketing to people going to the World's Fairs. For example, the Santa Fe is merchandising the Grand Canyon and the Southern Pacific the caverns around El Paso. Most every railroad has a scene-for-sale and many, like the two mentioned, are veritable post-card albums.

Every form of transportation is stressing the-detour-of-a-lifetime. The air lines have their story, and the bus lines their pet phrase—"go scenically." The state governments are in the side-trip business, too. North Carolina ballyhoos the Great Smoky National Park, Pennsylvania recommends its Pocono Mountains, the Pacific Northwest bespeaks the glowing attributes of the Crater Lake-Mount Rainier country.

Everywhere the traveler en route to the World's Fairs is greeted with invitations to stop over, take the next left turn, investigate regional features. One hotel chain encourages the tourist to zigzag his course so as to spend each night in a Simmons bed.

Less actively sold to the traveling public are the industrial sights between the Fairs. We were discussing this subject recently. The Fairs stimulate industrial curiosity; indeed, that is their prime function. Millions of people will look in on elaborate exhibits, diaramas, factories operating in miniature. They will be exposed to every known device of public relations to make them interested in and sympathetic to the processes (*i.e.,* the problems) of commerce.

And we noted the irony that on their way to the industrial shows at the Fairs the public passes by the real show—industry itself. So that your North Dakotan comes to New York all pepped up over seeing how Ford makes a Ford—and passes right through Detroit without seeing the River Rouge plant where they are turned out wholesale.

Just as, a few years back, you could stand on a Broadway corner and see Lucky Strikes being made behind glass show windows. There was always a crowd there gaping, and in the crowd was usually someone from Richmond, Virginia, where Luckies are made by the billions. This year Lucky Strike will have similar cigarette-making machines operating at the New York Fair, and thousands of people will pass through Richmond without thinking of going to the factories which make a third of the world's cigarettes. Some of these visitors will probably ask where they can see Camels being made—they will be told, "No, no Camel exhibit," and the thought will never cross their minds that two days before they passed through Winston-Salem, N. C., a city whose entire life is built around the manufacture of Camels and Prince Albert.

Talking about all this, we got to thinking, "Just what could an industrial tourist see between the fairs?" Obviously, there were too many industrial plants for us to try to survey the nation. The names of one-tenth the interesting industrial sights in the United States would take up more space than we have in this entire issue. The only answer was sampling. So we stepped to a large wall map and with red thumbtacks high-spotted two routes across the country: Route One, starting from San Francisco, running through Los Angeles and El Paso to New Orleans, and sweeping up through Atlanta and Richmond to New York. Route Two, running from New York to Chicago and on through Cheyenne and Salt Lake City to San Francisco. Along these two routes, samples

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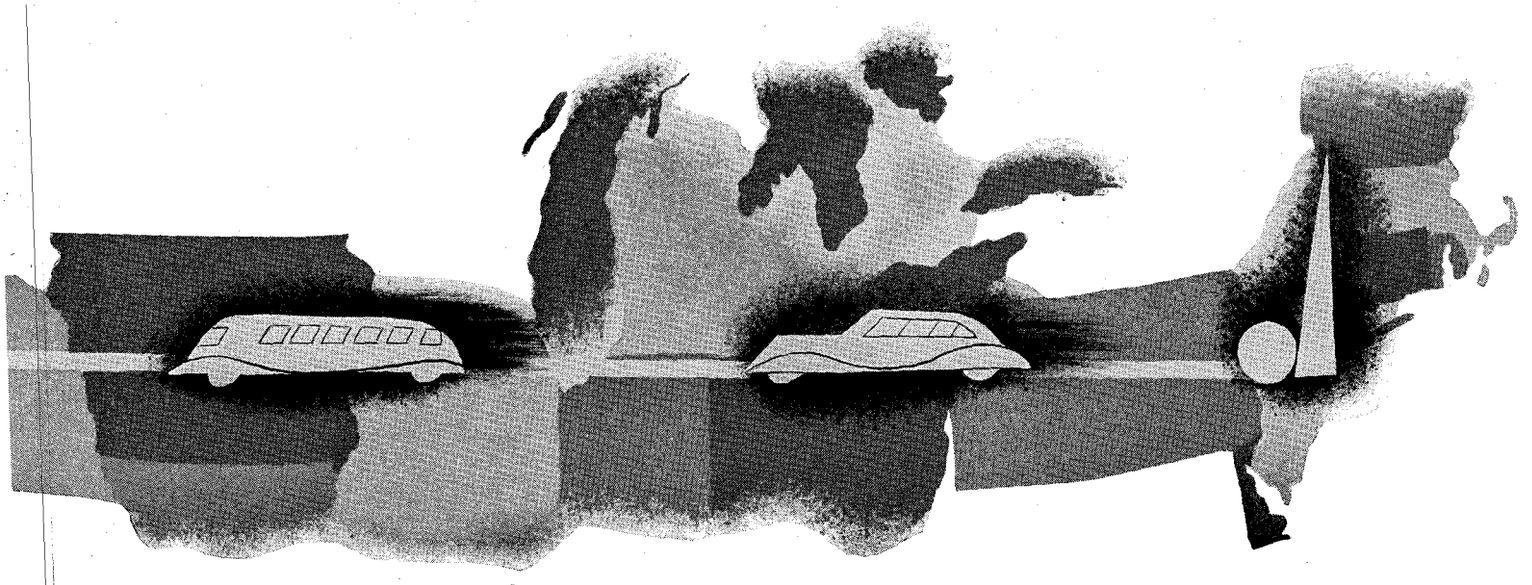

of the dozens of others crisscrossing the country from coast to coast, we set out to check some of the industrial sights.

Vaguely we imagined an informal blueprint of the unexpected, but we were confronted by so many people who insisted on talking about the old reliables that we'll clear them before starting on our two routes. The Ford trip outside Detroit, the General Electric tour in Schenectady, and the H. J. Heinz performance at Pittsburgh all seem as solidly established in the American mind as the trip through the Shredded Wheat plant at Niagara Falls. The Heinz Company annually escorts 80,000 people through such departments as baked beans and spaghetti, treats them to an organ concert, movies, and a Heinz luncheon which somehow doesn't come at lunchtime. General Electric handles close to 150,000 visitors a year, has guided tours through both manufacturing departments and research laboratories.

Ford's tour begins in a big rotunda building created for the purpose. Busses carry the tourists to Dearborn Village and the Rouge plant. There's no industrial tour like it in the world and certainly no other tour on which one might possibly bump into Henry Ford. But if some candid-camera bug tries snapping him it's more than probable that out of nowhere will come a polite giant whispering, "We'd rather you didn't."

II

DESCRIBING a crescent from west (San Francisco) to east (New York), we note immediately that once outside the State of California there are very few thumbtacks until we cross into New Orleans and head up through Dixie. California itself is dotted with factories bearing familiar Eastern names—such as, for example, the Shredded Wheat outpost (Oakland), the RCA wax works (Hollywood) where the curious may see phonograph records pressed, and the B. F. Goodrich rubber factory (Los Angeles) a full-sized branch of Akron. These illustrate parenthetically how the West Coast is set up as an export market where Eastern trade-mark goods are manufactured and distributed on their own as in Canada.

Food processing provides most of the industrial sight-seeing of California. Items range from the well-advertised orange and lemon to the grape in its manifold forms, figs, calavos (nee alligator pears), peaches, prunes, grapefruit. And not overlooking seafood. Wines are made—and may be sampled—around St. Helena, and the sugar refinery at Spreckels may be visited (but these last two would probably be more convenient to incoming Easterners). At Fresno the tourist who is interested in the *modus operandi* of raisins may view Sun Maid's plant No. 4. Grower-owned and operated for twenty-seven years—venerable age for a co-operative—the plant gobbles up hundreds of thousands of tons of dried grapes and whisks them through a high-speed operation that cleans, packages, and prepares them for market within seven to twelve minutes from their arrival at the factory.

The empire of Sunkist in the southern section of the state is visible from every form of transportation, whether passing through or above the boundless orange groves—all neatly spaced in uniform rows and tenderly heated when nippy nights impend. Behind the fruit trees is an organization of magical efficiency, complete with a network of telegraph and teletype connections constantly checking shipping points and Eastern markets. By-products developed by the Sunkist research laboratory prove there's lots more to oranges than oranges. Citric acid extracted from the fruit is employed, for example, in printing calico.

Our statistical ferret bobs up with the news that the motion-picture business is *not* the leading industry of Los Angeles. Agricultural operations annually account for $300,000,000; so does oil and petroleum refining in the area. The tourist thus may retort, "I've gotten into bigger places than this!" when he is refused . . . as he will be . . . admission to the film studios.

Our checkup also shows that giant military bombers intended for Great Britain roar overhead in test flights near Burbank, California. The tourist may crane his neck and look—neither the Lockheed people nor the British supervisory officials object to the looking—since they couldn't very well prevent it. But the gates are barricaded. (A closer view of aeronautical gadgetry is available at the Curtiss-Wright technical training plant at Glendale.)

Heading for mileage and New Orleans, there isn't an industrial lunch-stop in sight unless we thumbtack Sante Fe, where hand weaving flourishes with Indian, Mexican, and Spanish influences commingled. It's said to be the oldest industry in America.

The rice mills of Louisiana are an interesting roadside show. Dozens of them are scattered through the area and most of them admit visitors. New Orleans itself provides the novel industry of frog raising and dressing. Those who aren't squeamish about the greenish critters may visit the ponds of the American Frog Canning Co. This little froggie goes to market, this little froggie goes to the high-school zoological class. The company also deals in turtles and alligators.

Thumbtacking up through the Southern States, the big stops presumably will be for the tobacco factories. In Winston-Salem, besides the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, there are the Chatham Mills, which finish and "fuzz" blankets. There's an appropriate footnote to the X that marks Cannon Towels at Kan-

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napolis, North Carolina. Turkish towels had an intriguing history of unpopularity in the United States up to the time of the War, when the United States Army created a shortage of the smooth bath towels, the kind Americans then fancied. The country had to get used to the fuzzy ones, and now dotes on their skin-tingling qualities.

There are scattered daubs of color on our rambling map to indicate such industrial sights as ham curing by the special Virginia method at Smithfield, shipbuilding at Newport News, and the Westinghouse Essington plant in South Philadelphia, where steam turbines are manufactured, a heavy industry among the predominantly consumer-goods plants ordinarily open to visitors. One steam turbine, we learned, could, if it had a propellor, lift itself 166 feet a second, or—alarming mental picture—move Akron at the rate of a foot a second.

Camden, New Jersey, holds the main plant of the RCA and the soup kitchens of Campbell. RCA, because of Government contracts, has one condition: those not citizens of the United States must apply two days in advance of their visit to allow the company to get official sanction. Campbell requires that all visitors be over fourteen, a self-defense measure against mass invasion by the younger generation of the populous Washington-Baltimore-Philadelphia area. John B. Stetson Hats in Philadelphia and, after June 15, Maxwell House Coffee's brand-new warehouse in Hoboken, N. J., on the riverfront are other visitable plants.

III

In contrast to the southern curve our northern route is a forest of thumbtacks, and it would be much thicker if New England were included. Sampling more or less at random, merely to suggest the range and nature of what the Fair-bound tourist might pause to inspect if the mood came upon him, we begin arbitrarily at Canajoharie, New York, because it is one of the various industrial baronies which are scattered throughout the North. Towns like Hershey, Pennsylvania; Endicott, New York; Kohler, Wisconsin, are essentially identified with a single personality or manufacturing dynasty, and much of their interest to the traveler is on that account. Canajoharie is the fief of Beech-Nut products. One of the sights in connection with the plant tour is an art museum donated by the company president, Bartlett Arkell. Beech-Nut is also interesting for being very nearly the only company to stress "Come see us" in its national advertising.

Not far away in the Finger Lakes region we mark a busy Eastern wine sector, where, since 1830, the cellars have been laid down on the actual banks of the lakes. Champagne is included among the bottles in the subterranean dungeons through which guides conduct visitors. Hammondsport, Rheims, Urbana, Naples, and Penn Yan are the villages where the vineyards abound.

Rochester has several plants where the American talent for industrial perfection is well exemplified. There is the Eastman Kodak Company, the immensely skilled Bausch & Lomb optical company, master craftsmen in glass, and Hickey-Freeman, who make fine clothes. Rochester will definitely give the tourist an impression that it takes quality workmanship very seriously in the manner of the old European guilds.

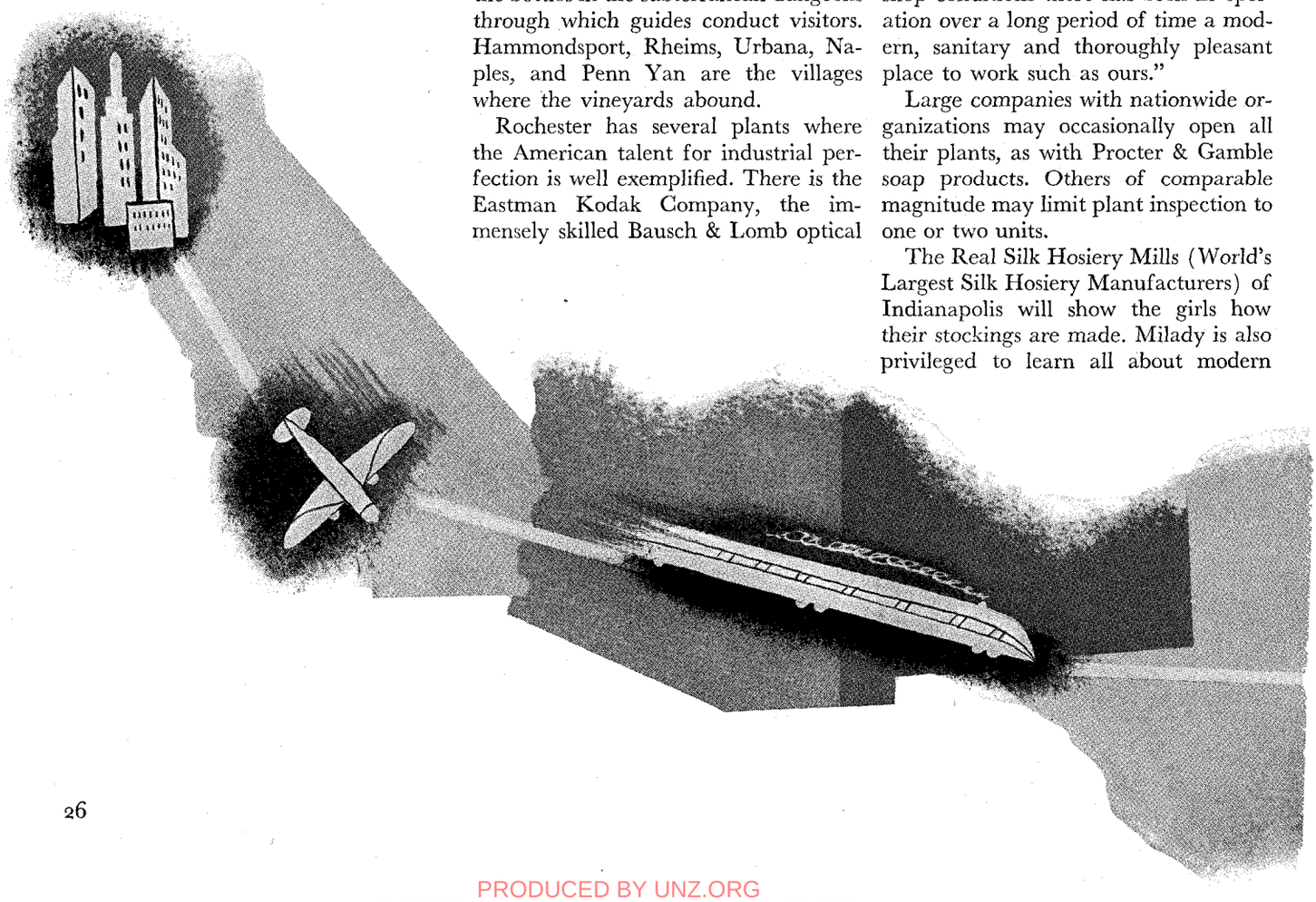
A sample ride in the only European-type car made in the United States is given visitors at the American Bantam Car Company, Butler, Pennsylvania. This is distinctly contrary to the policy of the automobile-manufacturing companies in Detroit. There, with scarcely an exception, the visitor is denied admission. There are, however, other manufacturing-plant visits available in Detroit, notably the United States Rubber Company. The Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company also welcomes visitors.

The woolen mills of St. Marys, Ohio, are anxious for contact with tourists because, we quote, ". . . we are continually amazed at the apparent lack of information by the general public as to the manner in which woolens are woven and fabricated." There are also some droll misconceptions as to just what is meant by virgin wool.

The Printz Biderman Company, which enthusiastically welcomes tourists passing through Cleveland, has a particular motive. "We believe," declares an official, "that it should be a pleasure to women to know that in an industry up to quite recently associated with sweatshop conditions there has been in operation over a long period of time a modern, sanitary and thoroughly pleasant place to work such as ours."

Large companies with nationwide organizations may occasionally open all their plants, as with Procter & Gamble soap products. Others of comparable magnitude may limit plant inspection to one or two units.

The Real Silk Hosiery Mills (World's Largest Silk Hosiery Manufacturers) of Indianapolis will show the girls how their stockings are made. Milady is also privileged to learn all about modern



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ironing and washing in the recently built American Institute of Laundering at Joliet, Illinois. In near-by Elgin, the watch company of that name has a standard patter act (also repeated at the New York World's Fair) for the edification of the caller. It includes watch screws so tiny that 20,000 of them are needed to fill a thimble.

In Chicago there are the stockyards, *pièces de résistance* of tourists since the days of Upton Sinclair. Almost all meat-packing establishments throughout the West are open for visits—including Swift, Armour, Cudahy, and Hormel.

Farmers are confirmed plant visitors. Perhaps their greatest enthusiasm in Chicago is the WLS Barn Dance Performance on Saturday nights. But the mail-order houses, Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward are curiosity points too. (Both corporations have shipping points in ten cities through the country, and all may be looked into.)

Kraft Cheese has perfected a snappy fifteen-minute performance behind glass partitions in its Chicago plant, so a really determined industrial sight-seeing day could sandwich cheese between sausages and catalogues.

The radio example of chimes between programs probably has influenced the spreading custom in American homes of sounding mellifluous chimes to announce dinner. J. C. Deagan & Company, who are currently assembling the Stephen Foster Memorial carillon, welcome people passing through Chicago. This factory makes all manner of bells, percussion instruments, marimbas, tuning forks, and so on.

Thumbtacks mark innumerable units of the revived liquor industry that welcome visitors, and now and again, the caller may perhaps sample the product. In Milwaukee both the Pabst and Schlitz people show how beer is brewed.

The unusual type of industry excites interest. From shells taken out of the river beds of the Mississippi, pearl buttons for men's shirts are manufactured. The Fromm silver-fox ranch at Hamburg, Wisconsin, is a comparatively new example of American ingenuity. A thousand silver foxes live the life of Riley in exchange for their pelts. They will hardly oblige the curious tourist by lining up in chorus formation, but a few of the furry creatures can usually be glimpsed.

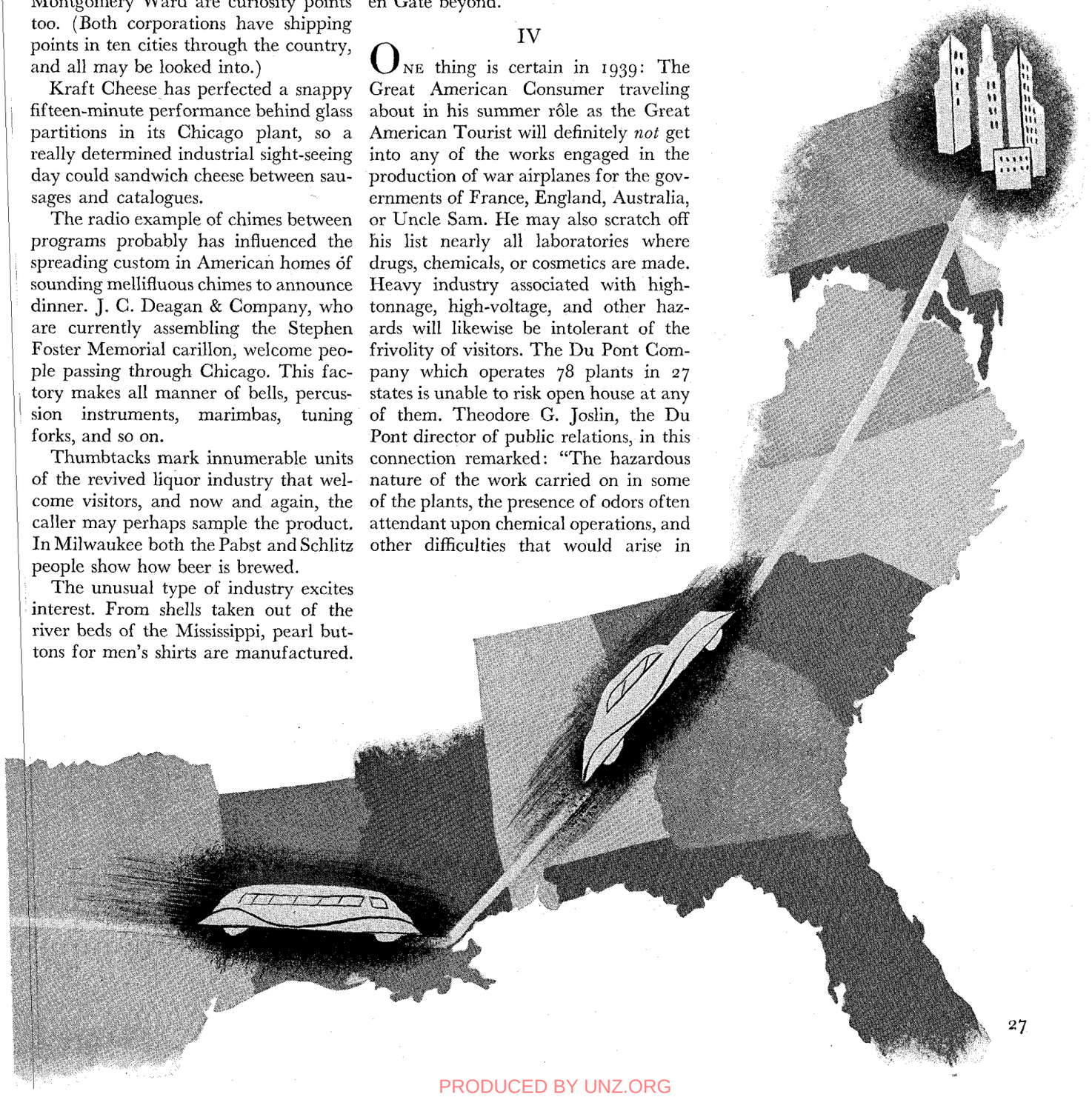
Continuing westward, we find the oddity of whopper-sized potatoes, each individually hand-wrapped like a Christmas gift, and put a thumbtack to mark Idaho Falls, Idaho, as a town with an unusual industry. In Cheyenne, Wyoming, the maintenance base of the United Air Lines is popular with tourists for its two-hour lecture. There's also an exciting airport in Salt Lake City . . . and then, ultimately, the neonized sky glow of Treasure Island with the Golden Gate beyond.

IV

One thing is certain in 1939: The Great American Consumer traveling about in his summer rôle as the Great American Tourist will definitely *not* get into any of the works engaged in the production of war airplanes for the governments of France, England, Australia, or Uncle Sam. He may also scratch off his list nearly all laboratories where drugs, chemicals, or cosmetics are made. Heavy industry associated with high-tonnage, high-voltage, and other hazards will likewise be intolerant of the frivolity of visitors. The Du Pont Company which operates 78 plants in 27 states is unable to risk open house at any of them. Theodore G. Joslin, the Du Pont director of public relations, in this connection remarked: "The hazardous nature of the work carried on in some of the plants, the presence of odors often attendant upon chemical operations, and other difficulties that would arise in handling visitors in the course of very intricate chemical manufacturing processes mean that the plants simply do not lend themselves to the purpose."

The point is frequently made or implied by companies that visitors with a special interest are one thing, the general public something else. This treating-visitors-right worry is a snowball if carried too far. Once started, it is usually hard to stop, although a chewing-gum factory is no longer a show place and a glass company reports: "We tried it in the past . . . it just did not work out at all." Often it develops that the big plant everybody is sure welcomes visitors is quite tightly barricaded.

Some plant managements confide: "We are consider- (*continued on page* 38)



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The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

For new readers, we include these directions for determining their S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Read each question. Check the answer you trust. When you have completed the fifty questions, look up the answers and deduct two points for each error. Subtract from 100 for your score. (*Answers on page* 55)

1. Only one of these phrases is accurate both in description and state:
(1) "Virginia's tart old Sen. Glass"
(2) "Ohio's fiery-tempered Sen. Nye"
(3) "Pennsylvania's youthful Rep. Sabath"
(4) "Maine's giggling Henry Cabot Lodge"

2. Hungary's anti-Semitic Premier Bela Imredy resigned several months ago because:
(1) Adolf Hitler did not approve of him
(2) Regent Horthy was opposed to him
(3) He discovered Jewish blood in himself
(4) Hungary was close to collapse

3. Now, where exactly have you heard of Juan T. Trippe?
(1) President of Republic of Brazil
(2) President of Pan-American Airways
(3) Cuban Ambassador to the U. S.
(4) Prime Minister of Spain

4. Four rattlesnakes and two members of the Dies Committee have failed to answer correctly, "How many stars are there in the President's flag?"
(1) Eight (2) Four (3) Six (4) Seven

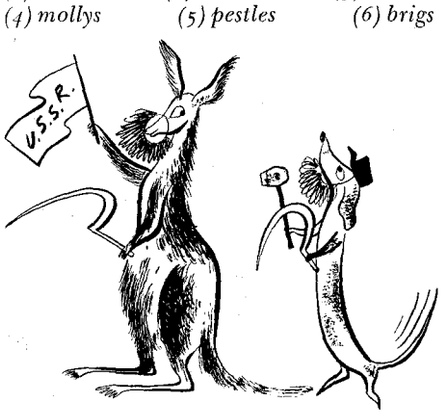
5. Straight down the backbone of Italy runs the chain of mountains called the:
(1) Alps (2) Caucasus (3) Apennines
(4) Pyrenees (5) Tyrol (6) Balkans

6. And while we're on geography, please tell me which of these states marks the southern boundary of Oklahoma:
(1) New Mexico (2) Kansas (3) Arizona
(4) Texas (5) Arkansas (6) Colorado

7. Yes, the Eustachian tube is:
(1) a part of the hearing system
(2) the name of the new Chicago subway
(3) the main nasal passage
(4) an important section of the kidney

8. He was only a professional refractionist, toiling day after day to:
(1) test people's eyes
(2) determine the values of gems
(3) arrange new musical compositions

9. What do you call those things that support a boat in dry dock?
(1) shores (2) shrikes (3) simons
(4) mollys (5) pestles (6) brigs



10. Cartoonists often use the lion to symbolize Great Britain and the..... to symbolize the U.S.S.R.:
(1) snake (2) peacock (3) kangaroo
(4) dachshund (5) bear (6) wolf

11. U. S. pole vaulters are hoping this spring to clear.....ft. and set a new world's outdoor record:
(1) 10 (2) 12 (3) 13 (4) 14 (5) 15

12. The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences made its award for the best performance of an actress in 1938 to:
(1) Hedy Lamarr (2) Louise Rainer
(3) Norma Shearer (4) Bette Davis

13. Funny how many people don't know that calipers are usually used to:
(1) determine the thickness of objects
(2) hitch a horse to a wagon
(3) assist in removing superfluous hair
(4) protect feet in damp, muddy places

14. Construction operations in privately owned U. S. shipbuilding yards are now:
(1) at an all-time low
(2) at a record postwar peak
(3) the lowest they've been since 1810

15. There was not a sound in the little Y.M.C.A. auditorium as the lecturer explained that homophones are:
(1) machines recording the human voice
(2) adults who tend toward eroticism
(3) words of same sound, different meaning

16. The teacher stamped her foot and cried, "Anybody knows that a grackle is a:
(1) breakfast food" (2) crust on a meat roast"
(3) three-wheeled child's vehicle" (4) bird"

17. A new feature of one of the latest U. S. Army pursuit planes is that it is:
(1) four-engined and closed-cabined
(2) two-engined and twin-tailed
(3) absolutely noiseless in flight

18. If coffee keeps you awake just remember that.....is the greatest single producer of cocoa:
(1) Guatemala (2) Brazil (3) Nigeria
(4) the African Gold Coast (5) Chile

19. We do a lot of griping about World War debts, but do you know which nation owes the U. S. the largest sum?
(1) France (2) Italy (3) Belgium
(4) Great Britain (5) Poland

20. Perched impudently on a moth ball, the moth tried to decide which one of these words is not common to baseball:

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(1) walk (2) fan (3) spitball
(4) homer (5) no-hit (6) foil

21. Juliana, Crown Princess of The Netherlands, has announced:

(1) the coming of a baby in August
(2) the removal of a wisdom tooth
(3) the publishing of a novel by herself
(4) her divorce from Prince Bernhard

22. Which of these is a 1939 American automobile-advertising slogan?

(1) "You Ought to Own an Olds!"
(2) "Studebaker For Sturdiness!"
(3) "Nash For Them What Knows!"
(4) "Buy a Buick and Boast!"

23. When President Roosevelt travels by warship, he generally uses the cruiser *Houston* because it:

(1) is the steadiest U. S. cruiser
(2) has a special elevator for him
(3) has an elaborate President's suite

24. It may be a surprise to you, but the highest peak East of the Mississippi River is in the.....Mountains:

(1) Adirondack (2) Great Smoky
(3) Black (4) Green (6) Catskill

25. One of the choice educational features of the San Francisco Exposition's amusement section when it opened was Sally Rand's concession called:

(1) "Barely Behind the Balloons, Boys!"
(2) "Transparent Chorus"
(3) "D-Nude Ranch"
(4) "Calling All Fans!"

26. When the German liner *Vaterland (Leviathan)* was interned in New York Harbor during the World War its crew:

(1) sank it at its New Jersey dock
(2) wrecked most of its engines
(3) tried to sneak it off to Germany

27. "Rasher of bacon!" shouted the waiter. "Rasher of bacon!" repeated the cook, starting to fix:

(1) one slice (2) two slices
(3) three slices (4) six slices

28. If you were an actor and had a leek thrown at you, it would mean you would have to dodge a:

(1) sea shell (2) small bouquet
(3) folded newspaper (4) vegetable

29. There is one reason here why T.W.A. finds it difficult to obtain and retain airline hostesses for its planes:

(1) Insistence that they be trained nurses
(2) High average that marry and quit
(3) Widespread fear of leaving ground

30. If Alice Marble were suddenly forced to give up playing tennis and earn a living, she would probably try:

(1) painting large-scale murals (2) dentistry
(3) running a snake farm (4) wrestling
(5) night-club singing

31. Any prominent diva always stands a fair chance of being employed by:

(1) a gang of criminals
(2) a troupe of ballet dancers
(3) the Metropolitan Opera Company
(4) a group of professional swimmers

32. The spirit of Shakespeare will shudder if you don't select the correct line following "Take, O take those lips away":

(1) "That so sweetly were foresworn"
(2) "All coated with paint and scent"
(3) "Seals of love, but sealed in vain"

33. It has never been determined just why a chicken crosses the road, but it is known that to coddle an egg is to:

(1) cook it in boiling water
(2) separately cook the yolk and white
(3) cook it in water just below boiling

34. Tongues clacked from coast to coast in February when Mrs. Roosevelt resigned from the D.A.R. because it:

(1) Refused its national hall to a prominent Negro singer
(2) Voted to aid England in any war
(3) Went on record against Social Security

35. A slow blush should diffuse your face if you can't tell which of these men is head of the CCC:

(1) Robert Fechner (2) W. A. Julian
(3) William O. Douglas (4) John Collier

36. Yes, the late Pius XI had been Pope for slightly over.....years:

(1) 12 (2) 15 (3) 17 (4) 20

37. Most physicians today agree that one of these is not a scientific means of treating cancer:

(1) radium (2) X-ray (3) surgery
(4) regular and gentle massage

38. At dog shows it is customary for the judges to feel a dog's brisket which is another word for the:

(1) muzzle (2) tip of the tail
(3) coat (4) lower part of the chest
(5) edges of foot pad (6) skull

39. This is the year when the Goodyear Rubber Co. is celebrating the centennial of Charles Goodyear's discovery of:

(1) photography (2) vulcanization
(3) the air brake (4) the pneumatic tire

40. I say there, friend, did you know that the President of France is elected for a term that lasts.....years?

(1) Two (2) Four (3) Five
(4) Six (5) Seven (6) Nine

41. If you encountered Harold Vanderbilt in the midst of his most-publicized sport, he would probably be:

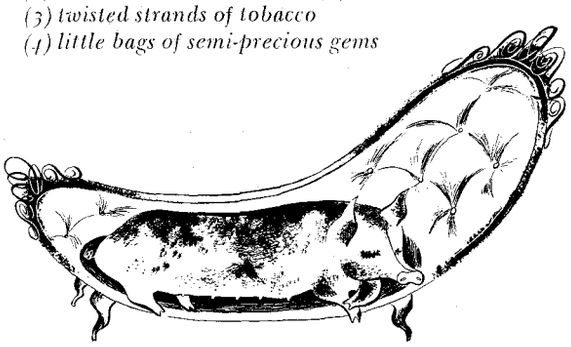
(1) swearing at a sliced golf ball
(2) perspiring over a new tap routine
(3) at the wheel of a yacht
(4) tinkering with a racing-car engine

42. Which one of these individuals has been getting publicity as "the strong man of Cuba"?

(1) Leon Cortes Castro (2) General Illo
(3) Colonel Fulgencio Batista
(4) Dr. Juan Negrin (5) Pedro Cerda

43. The North American Indians used wampum for money; it was nothing but:

(1) beads made of shells (2) old bottles
(3) twisted strands of tobacco
(4) little bags of semi-precious gems



44. "You're a mean old sow who doesn't even deserve to live in a.....!" wept the buzzard from its perch:

(1) rookery (2) piggin (3) podium
(4) pillory (5) piggery (6) pippin

45. The last concert tour of the U. S. made by Ignace Jan Paderewski was:

(1) in 1929 (2) this past winter
(3) in 1934 (4) in 1926

46. Yes, ma'am, the Army's Chief of Ordnance deals chiefly with:

(1) guns of all kinds (2) uniforms
(3) transportation (4) food (5) health

47. If you were a member of the famous Cuff-Links Gang, it would mean that you were a close friend of:

(1) Al Capone (2) Paul Whiteman
(3) Babe Ruth (4) Franklin D. Roosevelt
(5) Fred Allen (6) Brenda Frazier

48. "That's a Walloon isn't it, Mummy?" asked Henrietta pointing at the:

(1) flat-billed bird from Louisiana
(2) Celtic gentleman from South Belgium
(3) long narrow Italian cooking pot

49. It was five years ago that Senator Hiram Johnson got the bill through Congress which prohibits:

(1) loans to nations in debt to the U. S.
(2) sale of munitions outside of U. S.
(3) U. S. engaging in any more wars
(4) trade with all belligerents

50. It will probably be a guess on your part, but last year.....attracted more spectators than any other U. S. sport:

(1) baseball (2) horse racing (3) softball
(4) basketball (5) boxing (6) football

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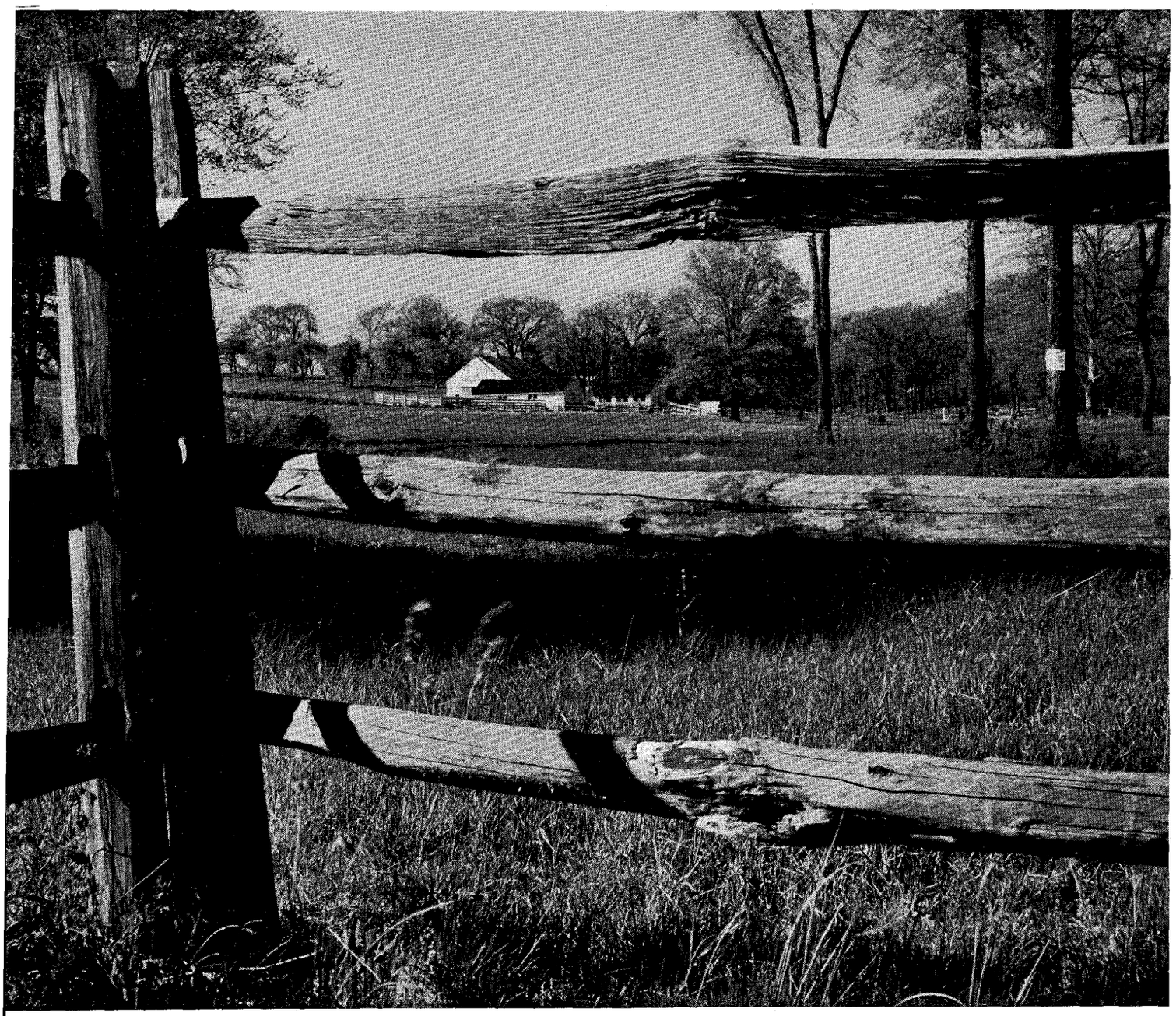
LIFE IN THE U.S...*Photographic* NEW JERSEY

Following our policy of presenting a pictorial examination of one state in each issue, we devote this month's photographic section to New Jersey. We think these four pictures show with some eloquence the diversity of scene and activity that characterizes life in that state. For technical information about the photographs, see page 49.



NORTH JERSEY FARM, by Michael Fedison

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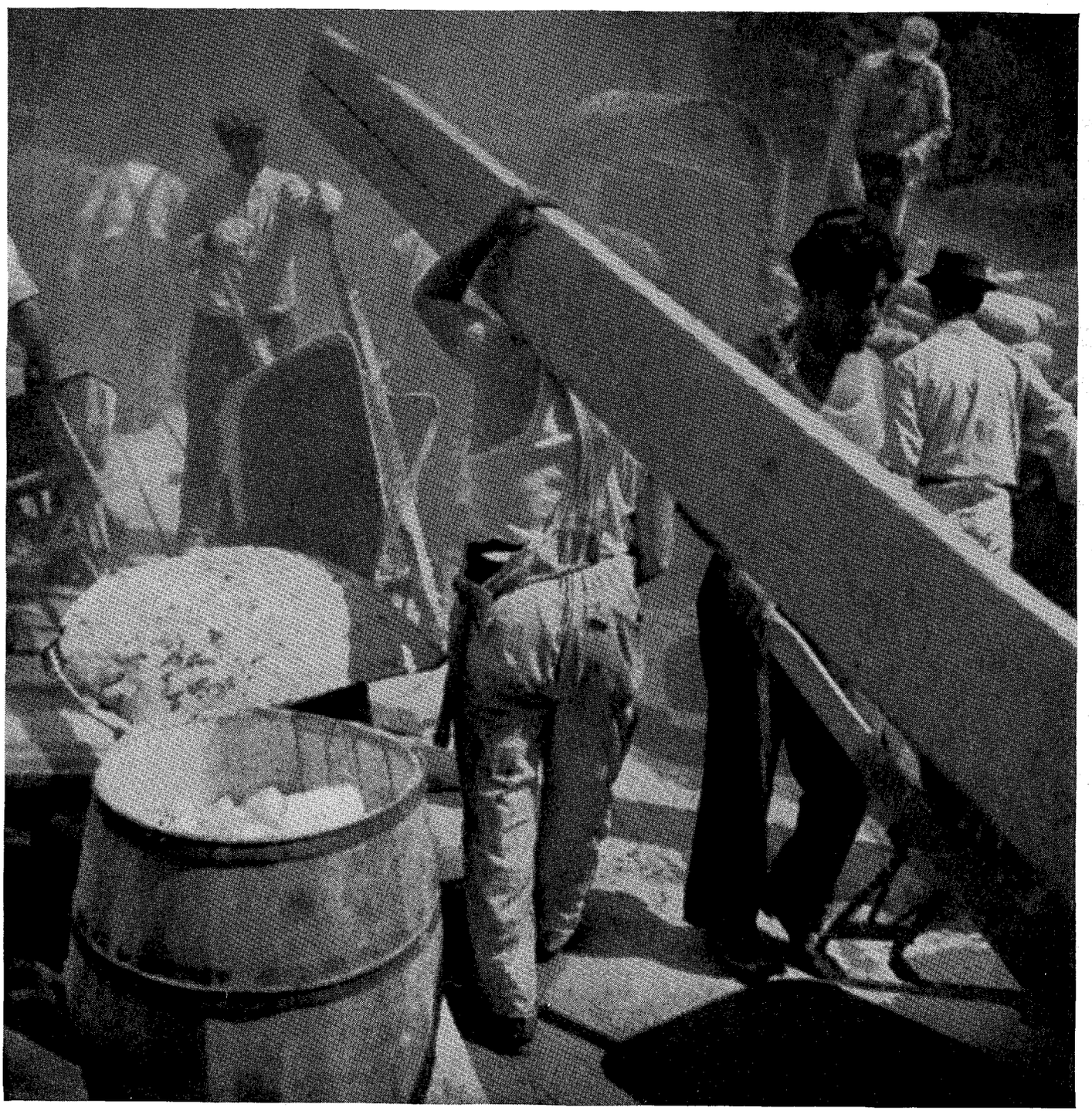

MEN AT WORK, by Max C. Kastenbaum

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ERIE TERMINAL, by Dimitri Kessel

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SURF BATHING, by Remie Lohse

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Leverett Saltonstall

(continued from page 11)

ship, in giving a testimonial dinner to him, and singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." After a few drinks, one Boston Irish Democrat draped an arm over the Speaker's shoulder and said, "Lev, I've never been on your side on anything, but you're such a damned nice guy that I'd do almost anything else for you."

His popularity in the House saved him from being pushed off the escalator at the end of 1932, when he had served four years as Speaker. Traditionally, that was the limit and if the escalator hadn't taken a Speaker on up by that time, he was politically dead. Saltonstall hung on, despite tradition, and was re-elected Speaker. When he decided to do the same thing two years later, it brought some squawks, but Saltonstall had the Republican majority unanimously behind him when it came to a showdown.

IV

Saltonstall made his first bid for the Gubernatorial nomination in 1936. He had been preparing for it for years. He had joined nearly all the fraternal orders, had made innumerable addresses to all sorts of organizations, ranging from the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour. He had been careful not to stir up trouble or antipathy, discouraging legislative investigations and resolutions offering gratuitous advice to Congress. He had kept most of his public utterances on safe territory. "Little towns are the bulwark of the nation," he told the Watertown tercentenary celebrators.

His 1936 bid failed. He was nominated for Lieutenant Governor and was defeated; when he did get the nomination for Governor, two years later, he put on a thorough and plugging, if unspectacular, campaign. He had surveys made of public attitude toward certain campaign issues by one of those modern agencies which sample public opinion. He had his program laid out so that he would appear three times in every important city, and cover three sections of the state every week. He had the days planned so that he would be at some big factory during the noon hour, to shake hands with the workers. All in all, he shook more hands than any candidate in the state's history, with the possible exception of the late Governor Eugene N. Foss, who held that a handshake was much better than a speech. Saltonstall thinks he was right. He is no orator, anyway, but just a good, common, garden variety of speaker. Big words sometimes throw him. In one speech, for instance, he spoke of the liberals, the conservatives, and those who *osculate* between the two.

His speeches stressed his liberal outlook. "I shall always recognize the fact that until such time as business is able to take care of the unemployed, it is the duty of the government to provide jobs for those who want to work but are unable to get work." He promised "real security for the aged—as liberal as the resources of government will permit"; and when his campaign managers reached an agreement with the candidate of the Townsendites to withdraw, he promised further to recommend "a complete hearing in Congress for the Townsend Plan." (He lived up to this promise in his inaugural address.)

But the real issue was Curley, who was trying to make a comeback. A showman and a colorful politician, Curley had become a symbol—but a symbol of which many Democrats as well as Republicans were getting tired. The *Herald* listed some of the things that had wearied them: "the gold braid, the high-handed procedure on Beacon Hill, the appointments, the oustings, the vulgarity, the renegade Republicans, the cheapening of public life, the things that made the government of Massachusetts ludicrous part of the time, shocking most of the time." Of course that was Republican talk; but even the *Post* omitted any endorsement of Curley, and confined itself to editorials on honesty in government. Already, Curley had been beaten two years before by Lodge, as a candidate for the Senate, and the year before by the young Democrat, Maurice J. Tobin, as a candidate for Mayor of Boston. And now Saltonstall beat him by a large majority.

V

The perpetual and nostalgic hunt, among Republicans, for "another Coolidge" turned a few eyes toward Saltonstall when he became the first Republican Governor of Massachusetts since the boom. Starting with vastly different backgrounds, they both came up the escalator in the same quiet, plugging, canny way. And hardly had Saltonstall taken his seat in the Governor's office when an event occurred which made it seem as if the old Coolidge drama was being replayed. The City of Boston was tied up by a great strike, just as it had been when Coolidge was Governor. In the original version, as enacted by Coolidge, it was a police strike which he broke by calling out the militia. This time it was a strike of truck drivers—hardly the same, but similar in its threat to the city's safety, food being as necessary as police protection. Saltonstall did not call out the militia, did not—publicly—mention the militia. But neither did he wait for a crisis in which the militia would be inevitable. He conferred with conciliators, the Mayor, the strike leaders, and truck owners. Technically, he let them work out the compromise program. But as soon as there was such a program, he called in both sides and—with the militia as at least a distinctly implied threat—forced its acceptance. Thus Saltonstall played his part in rather faster tempo than Coolidge had, but the final scene of the act was the same: the strike over, the Governor the hero.

Saltonstall pointedly ignores speculation as to whether or not the play will go on according to the Coolidge script, with the third act in the White House. And few people in their right mind are counting on anything as pat as that. Of the sixteen Presidential elections since the Grant era, eleven have been won by governors. But there are a lot of Republican governors waiting around, hoping for a chance at the 1940 nomination. Eighteen were elected last fall, and Saltonstall has been the subject of considerably less Presidential talk than some of the others—James of Pennsylvania, for example. Both the *Fortune* and Gallup polls show a mere district attorney running far ahead of them all—Dewey. Behind him come the Senators: Vandenberg, Taft, and Lodge. And the fact is that the Massachusetts delegation to the next Republican convention will, in all probability, go pledged, not to Governor Saltonstall, but to Senator Lodge.

But while the realists don't waste time discussing Saltonstall's Presidential possibilities, he is an important example of the renaissance of the blue bloods. Like some of the others, he's still on the escalator. When he was dressing for his inauguration he refused to have a flower put in his lapel, but when a newspaper photographer came out to his farm

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"We're getting twice as much fun out of life now"

Millions find relaxation in golf—a healthful exercise for every age when not overdone.

"You think this is just a garden? It's more—it's a doctor's prescription"

Any doctor will tell you that your troubles are less likely to overburden you — mentally and physically—if you have an absorbing diversion or hobby to arouse a fresh train of thoughts.

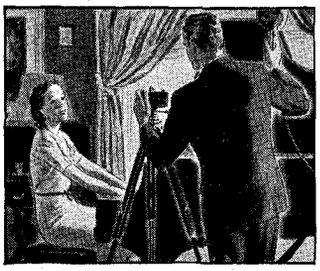
Worry may spoil your life. It may keep your mind travelling in circles. Troubles are sometimes eased by facing them and thinking them through; at least, you have the satisfaction of having done your best. But worry has never solved a problem.

Isn't there a special interest that you have been promising yourself to take up? Perhaps it's gardening, making things for your home, going back to your music, photography, a scientific study, or building a workshop. Maybe it's "travelling" in your easy chair with books from the Public Library; it might be collecting stamps, coins, old glassware or other antiques. Whatever it is, revive your interest in it.

You may find your hobby in active participation in community work, church or other group affairs, or amateur theatricals. Mixing socially with congenial men and women is a dependable worry-chaser for many persons.

Few people realize the amount of physical harm caused by worry. Doctors know that prolonged worry sometimes is a factor in the development of such conditions as disturbances of the nervous system, stomach and intestinal tract, and even of the heart and other organs. Useless worry and its twin, baseless fear, are at the bottom of many breakdowns.

Today outside interests have taken on a new importance because so many people have more leisure than ever before. By developing your special interest or hobby, you may improve your health and add both zest and years to your life.



Absorbing interests may be found in your own home—music, for instance, or photography.

Nature's a tonic for tense nerves. What fisherman has time for business or other worries?

Plan to visit The Metropolitan's Exhibits at
THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR *and* THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* • ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. • LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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afterwards he willingly posed chopping wood and riding his child's donkey. He goes on making speeches at all sorts of gatherings, often four or five an evening. He says he enjoys it. And he has ordered the State House elevator operators to discontinue the old custom of turning the elevator into a nonstop express when the Governor is aboard. "I like to ride with the people," he said.

Collier's

(continued from page 23)

be obtained. That total is broken down and quotas are assigned, week by week for the year, and district by district. The system is such that they can tell you in January that forty-seven subscriptions will be sold in the second week of July in the steenth ward of Pittsburgh. They can tell you practically the same about your corner newsstand. And if the quota falls behind, that means extra pressure next week.

This system showed its value in stability when the hard times came, and it proceeded methodically while other publications were shifting their circulation methods. The *Saturday Evening Post,* for instance, has maintained a steady lead of about 400,000 over *Collier's* during the last few years, but examination of the means of distribution shows sharp changes.

While *Post* average circulation grew from 2,878,934 in 1931 to 3,066,459 in 1938, its newsstand sales fell off 400,000. Meanwhile, boy sales, on which the *Post* always heavily relied, were pushed up temporarily to meet the loss. A field selling organization was built up, rates were cut for long-term subscriptions, and heavy selling pressure is making the *Post* more of a subscription paper, like *Collier's.* During the same period *Collier's* dropped off 60,000 in newsstand sales, gained it back in boy sales, but built up 400,000 new subscriptions.

V

THE day after the bank holiday was declared in March, 1933, when all the country was paralyzed and panic-stricken, Tom Beck said to the *Collier's* advertising manager, Theodore Lee Brantly ($18,999 a year): "Come on, we're going out and sell advertising. They don't know it now, but they're still going to need it."

So they got on the Twentieth Century, with $40 cash between them—almost the only passengers—and went to Chicago. Living on credit, they called on the trade all that week in Chicago and Detroit. They did not sell any space, but laid the groundwork for future sales.

Aggressiveness, developed during years of adversity, helped *Collier's* when the depression came. Hard times and radio competition have hit it less, proportionately, than other publications, and its trend has been upward. Even now it is not living on the fat of the land, but it is getting along. It has come a long way from the early 1920's, when the back cover had to be given away.

The *Post's* greatest business year was 1929, when its gross advertising revenue totaled $53,000,000. That was seventeen times as big as *Collier's.* Ten years later, recovering from the dreadful lowest years, the *Post's* billings were $26,602,000, while growing *Collier's* took in nearly half as much.

Collier's rates ($6500 a page for black and white, $9450 for four-color, $11,750 for back cover) are still lower than the *Post's,* but have gradually increased. At its lower rates, *Collier's* in 1934 sold half as many advertising pages as the *Post,* but in 1937 and 1938 it sold more than two-thirds as many.

Liquor and beer advertising, which the *Post* does not have, has helped *Collier's* in its gains. Automobile advertising is their largest category, Chrysler their biggest account. Next come liquor, wine and beer; tobacco; toilet preparations; and food.

In March of this year, for four issues, *Collier's* advertising included: automobiles, 26 pages; subsidiary motor ads (gas, tires, accessories), 21¾ pages; liquor and beer, 19¾ pages; toilet goods, drugs, and razors, 14; public utilities (railroads and telephone), 12¾; electrical appliances, 9⅛; foods and beverages, 9½; tobacco, 7¾; insurance, 7.

Unknown quantity of competition, closely watched today, is *Life,* the new picture weekly. It got a lot of linage in its first big circulation year, but that fell off two-thirds when it raised its rates. *Collier's* noted with satisfaction that a good bit of its remaining advertising seemed to be taken from its prosperous sister weekly, *Time. Collier's* notes with interest the appearance in *Life* of ads for feminine accessories. If *Life* gets the lipstick and lingerie trade, then *Collier's* will have it easier with the industrial accounts. They don't mix.

Last year all advertising business fell off, but times are picking up. For its five April issues this year *Collier's* sold 211 pages of advertising for more than $1,650,000, for a net revenue, after commissions and discounts, of $1,376,927. That was three pages more space and $188,000 more income than in any previous month of the magazine's history. All of which is one reason why Tom Beck, now president of Crowell at $85,000 a year, goes around the country telling businessmen to stop grumbling and crying hard times, work hard, and they'll make money.

[The first of a series of articles examining mass magazines. The second will appear in the next issue.]

Ninety Minutes

(continued from page 13)

told Mr. Gregory about Cascade and Bob Johnson he ordered me to put Johnson on the line.

"Tell him to come on in!" were Bob Johnson's first words to Mr. Gregory.

"But how can he land there?" Mr. Gregory asked. "He won't be able to locate the field in this storm."

"Tell him to come on," Bob fairly commanded in his excitement. "We'll have that field lit up like a Christmas tree." He made a hasty exit from the circuit. Gordon came on long enough to tell me that Bob was setting fire to two big gasoline drums that had been rolled to each end of the small place they called a field.

Then I could hear Gordon calling men who lived up and down every gully and creek to come out with their cars

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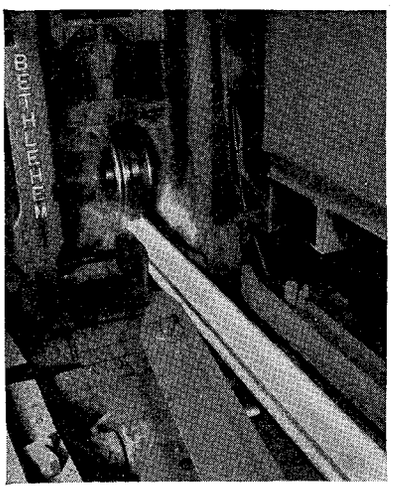

The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

Now that vacations are just around the corner, it is a good thing to increase your store of small talk. With this charitable end in view, we propound herewith ten questions about steel and steel-making. To score 60 is highly commendable. 80 or better gives you license to expound authoritatively on one of the nation's basic industries.

Correct answers on page 56.

1. The first iron made in this country was produced in:

(*a*) *New York* (*b*) *North Carolina*
(*c*) *Massachusetts* (*d*) *Virginia* (*e*) *Maine*

2. In steel parlance "whiskers" are:

(*a*) *the thin fins of steel which cling to the point of a nail*
(*b*) *hoary jokes*
(*c*) *the barbs on barbed wire*
(*d*) *protuberances on a steel sheet*

3. You may be surprised to learn it, but molten steel does not melt the iron molds into which it is poured to solidify into ingots because:

(*a*) *the mold walls are lined with heat-resistant material*
(*b*) *the thick walls of the mold dissipate heat so rapidly*
(*c*) *iron has a higher melting point than steel*

4. When a steel man refers to a pulpit he means:

(*a*) *the platform from which notices are read to the workers*
(*b*) *the cab of a traveling crane*
(*c*) *the raised platform where the controls of a rolling mill are located*

5. In the early days of steel-making, blast furnaces were frequently given feminine names like "Emma," "Charlotte" or "Kitty." This was done because:

(*a*) *of their unpredictable behavior*
(*b*) *the owner's yacht bore the same name*
(*c*) *of the high upkeep*
(*d*) *of a wish to honor the wives, daughters or sisters of iron-makers*

6. Steel helped greatly in opening up the Mississippi Valley to farming and settlement when it was first used to make:

(*a*) *Indian fighters' muskets* (*b*) *railroad rails*
(*c*) *plows* (*d*) *roofing sheets*

7. Sometimes prospectors can detect the presence of iron ore deposits by surface vegetation such as:

(*a*) *orchids* (*b*) *broccoli* (*c*) *dandelions*
(*d*) *spruce trees* (*e*) *poison ivy*

8. The products of the steel industry range in size from 15-ton ingots to wire for hairpins. In number they reach the surprising total of about:

(*a*) *750* (*b*) *1500* (*c*) *500* (*d*) *2500* (*e*) *250*

9. The man in charge of a blast furnace in called:

(*a*) *a keeper* (*b*) *a puddler* (*c*) *a melter* (*d*) *a boss*
(*e*) *a maker*

10. What steel company recently built three large American liners for service between New York and the Canal Zone?

(*Advertisement*)

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and train their headlights on the field.

Suddenly the Boise dispatcher came in with the good news that the pilot had sighted the flares. Gordon said it was sure a thrill to see all those people circling their cars in a big fan of light around the field.

Bob Johnson came on the line. "Connect me with the dispatcher," he said. "I'm about fifty yards from the field and I can help."

So Bob, speaking from Cascade, talked to Mr. Gregory in Boise, and Mr. Gregory relayed the words by radio to the lost plane circling above the little landing field at Cascade.

"Tell him to come on in," Bob called, "closer—down—he can't make it from there—lift her up." So began a series of rapid-fire instructions that would bring the ship down again and again only to force her back up in defeat when all circumstances pointed to a crack-up and possibly a burning ship. And each time she would come down my blood pressure would go up. Mr. Gregory interrupted after what seemed hours of effort.

"It's no use, Johnson. The pilot says he can't make it. He'll nose over in that snow and set fire to the ship!"

"Tell him to come again," Bob said. So we all held our breath waiting while the pilot tried to bring her down again. I felt cold with the pressure of anxiety. Both local girls had abandoned their silent board. The test-board man smoked one cigarette after another. But she didn't get down. She swung back up in the dark ceiling of sky and Mr. Gregory, whose nerves must have been at the snapping point, came in calm with despair.

"Johnson, she's almost out of gas. She'll have to fold up her gear and crash."

We heard him telling the co-pilot to crowd the passengers in the tail of the ship for ballast. We heard Gordon calling out Cascade's fire equipment. The pilot was ready to make another try. Then we heard Johnson: "Lift her a little—easy—come on down—lower—down." The last words were like a hoarse echo.

It was a full two minutes before we heard a sound. No one spoke. Then Bob shouted, "She's down and she's all right!"

Six of us relaxed on long full breaths. I went as limp as a rag and then I began to tremble.

Between the Fairs

(continued from page 27)

ing opening a tour but our decision will take a long time." It is felt that a detailed investigation and a careful plan of action must precede an open-door policy. It is not merely a matter of throwing a lock or of hiring a guide. The whole tour is justified only if the goodwill impact upon the people is commensurate with the effort and expense. There is widespread distaste for the thoughtless gawk, the same simpleton that stands mouth agape and watches a street pitchman. There are fine sights in modern industry, and business knows this. Indeed, they endorse the idea of getting across private enterprise's story. But installing spotlights, a master of ceremonies, ticket takers, ushers, and stage managers is a major decision for the board of directors.

Business knows full well that it needs friends among the people. It has been told, further, that friendliness is a matter of the human touch, the personalized contact, the illusion of intimacy. This is all very well and quite plausible to publicity geniuses, but conservative businessmen frequently haven't liked the implications. Next they'd be asked to pose with chorus girls!

Much of industry simply is not equipped physically nor prepared emotionally to cope with the public on a shoulder-to-shoulder basis in plants. Executives are terrified by mental pictures of traffic jams coagulating around machines and workers. They conjure the worst: Visitors entangled in the gear, Auntie's hat flying off into a kettle of soup.

"Almost all our production takes place in either semi- or complete darkness," states the photographic house of Agfa Ansco of Binghamton, New York, in plausible explanation of why there would be little to *see*. Other reasons given by plant management for refusing admission to factories include:

"It would upset our routine."

"It would disturb employees."

"It is dangerous."

"It is too technical, people would be bored."

"We know by experience the flow of callers would be impossible to handle."

Emphatically it is the number-one rule of plant sight-seeing to check carefully in advance what policy any specific company follows. Some don'ts for industrial sight-seeing are:

Don't be late. Each tour has a definite starting time. Find out the time and observe it. Don't blame the plant if *you're bored* or can't understand. That's not the plant's fault. Don't go on Saturday or Sunday. Don't bring babies with you. Don't be angry with the plant if you can't get in—there are probably good reasons. Don't forget certain plants operate seasonally and may not be functioning at a given moment.

V

We believe the deduction is justified that, broadly speaking, the small-town plant is more likely to welcome visitors than the bigger city establishments. Crowds, as such, seldom swell so large in smaller communities as to constitute a mob, which is more of a possibility in populous centers where many lanes of traffic converge. Throngs, moreover, impress the small-towners. Managements are often very proud to attract curious laymen. They also like, as do their fellow townsmen, the tourists who stop to patronize the restaurants, hotels, retail shops, etc. Plant management is most eager nowadays to please the community in which it operates.

However every big city has two standard industrial sights—the nocturnal milk-bottling and bread-baking plants, which usually take callers for granted. In New York they are especially impressive because the immensity of supplying two basic food staples to the metropolitan millions creates industrial operations on a super-colossal scale. Continental, Ward, General, and Cushman among the bakeries, and Sheffield, Borden, and Dairylea among dairies may be mentioned. They are best seen around midnight. In fact, one of these night factories might serve as an occasional change of pace for World's Fair visitors surfeited with night clubs.

Meanwhile, New York has its own way of looking at the visitor question. The *Daily News* expressed this editorially in connection with plans to wash the face of its thirty-six-story building. Said the *News:* "However, we are going to wait for the World's Fair opening to begin the operation. We have a feeling that a lot of visitors to the New York Fair, if not a lot of New Yorkers themselves, will be interested in seeing how a modern skyscraper gets its face washed by a crew of acrobatic experts in this complicated art."

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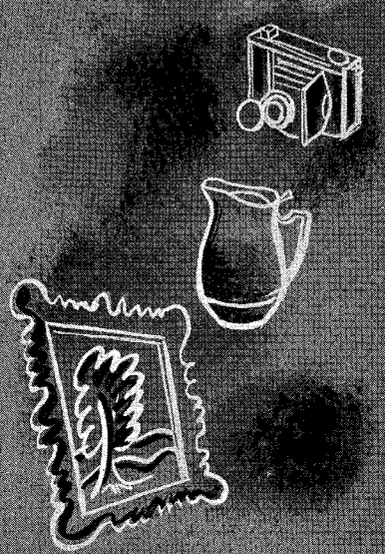

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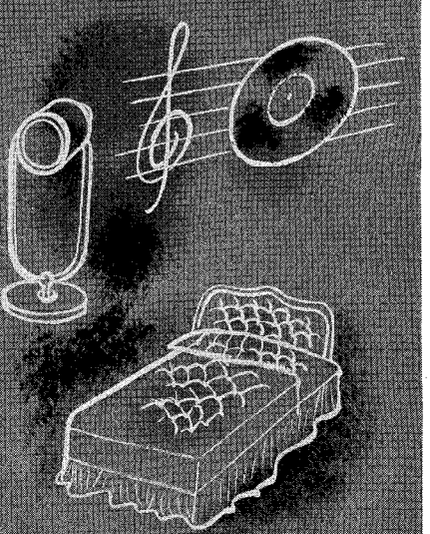

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The Party at Jack's

(continued from page 16)

tion of a child when it regards some object of its love and self-creation and finds it good.

The big room was ready for the party: it was just quietly the way that she would have it always, perfectly itself. It was a room so nobly proportioned as hardly to escape a regal massiveness, and yet so subtly toned by the labor of her faultless taste that whatever coldness its essential grandeur may have had was utterly subdued. To a stranger the room would have seemed not only homelike in its comfortable simplicity, but even on a closer inspection, a trifle shabby. The coverings of some of the chairs and couches had become in places threadbare. On three sides of the room were bookshelves crowded with a friendly and somewhat dog-eared company of books. The warm light of the room, the crackling dance of the pine logs in the great marble hearth all cast their radiance warmly on these worn books. And the good books glowed there as if the knowledge of their use and comfort was written in their very hue.

Everything else in the great room had this same air of homeliness and use. The gate-legged table with its pleasant shaded lamp had the air of waiting to be used. Upon the creamy slab of marble mantel there was spread out a green, old, faded strip of Chinese silk. And on top of it there was a little figure of green jade: one of those lovely figures of compassionating mercy that the Chinese made. There were a few drawings on the walls, and a portrait of herself in her young loveliness at twenty which a painter now dead and famous had made long ago.

And all these objects of a thousand different kinds were brought together in this room, into its magic and its harmony from the instinctive sources of the woman's life. It is no wonder, therefore, that the flower face of Mrs. Jack took on an added glow of loveliness as she looked at her fine room. The like of it indeed, as she well knew, could nowhere else be found, for "Here"—she thought—"Ah, here it is, and it is living like a part of me. And God! How beautiful it is."

But now, her inspection of the big room ended, she turned quickly to investigation into other things. The living room gave on the dining room through glass doors now closed and curtained filmily. Mrs. Jack moved toward them at her quick and certain little step and threw them open. Then she gasped out an involuntary little "Oh!" of wonder and delight. It was too beautiful! It was quite too beautiful! But really it was just the way she expected it to look—the *way* that made her parties memorable. Nonetheless, every time she saw it, it filled her with a wonder of new joy.

Before her the great slab of the dining table glowed faultlessly, a single sheet of walnut light. The old Italian chairs had been drawn back against the walls. This was to be a buffet supper—the guests could come and help themselves according to their taste and—well, the materials of the banquet were there. That mighty table simply groaned with food. Upon a silver trencher at one end there was a mighty roast of beef crisply browned all over. At the opposite end, upon another trencher, was a whole Virginia ham, stuck with a pungent myriad of cloves. And in between and all around that massive board was a staggering variety of relishes—almost everything that could tempt the tongue of jaded man. It was like some great vision of a feast that has been made immortal on the page of history. In these thin modern times where there is so curiously, in the houses of the great, a blight of not-enoughness, there was here an overwhelming too-muchness of everything. And yet, the whole thing was miraculously right.

After a moment's long inspection, Mrs. Jack walked rapidly across the room and through the swinging door that separated it from the kitchen. Here, too, she found a scene of busy order and of readiness. The big kitchen seemed to have been freshly scrubbed and polished till it glittered like a jewel. The big kitchen table was so startlingly white that for a moment one had a shocked illusion that it really belonged in a surgeon's office. Even the pantry shelves, the drawers and cupboards looked as if they had just been freshly scrubbed, and above the voices of the girls there brooded the dynamic hum of the great electric ice box which was itself, in its white splendor, like another perfect jewel.

"Oh this!" thought Mrs. Jack. "Oh this!—" Her small clenched hand flew up against her breast, her eyes grew bright as stars. "This is quite the most perfect, lovely thing of all! If I could only paint it! But no! It would take a Brueghel to do it! There's no one nowadays to do it justice."

And now, at last, she spoke these words aloud: "What a lovely cake!"

Cook looked up from the great layer cake to which she had been adding the last prayerful tracery of icing, and for a moment a faint smile illuminated her gaunt Germanic face. "You like him, yes?" said Cook. "You think he is nice?"

"Oh, Cook!" cried Mrs. Jack. "It is the most *beautiful*—the most wonderful—" She shrugged as if words failed her and then said humorously: "Well, all I can say is, you can't beat Gilbert and Sullivan, can you?"

The literary significance of this remark was probably lost on Cook and the smiling maids, but no one could have missed the emotion it conveyed. Cook laughed gutturally with satisfaction, and Molly, smiling, and in a brogue that could have been cut with a knife, said: "No'm, Mrs. Jack, that you can't!"

Mrs. Jack looked happily about her. Everything had turned out perfectly: it ought to be a glorious party.

IV

At this moment the buzzer of the bell rang sharply. Mrs. Jack looked rosily, inquiringly around her and said quickly: "I wonder who—" She cast a puzzled look up at the clock up on the wall. "I think, perhaps, it's Mr. Hartwell. I'll be right out."

It was Mr. Hartwell. Mrs. Jack encountered him in the hall where he had just set down two enormous suit cases, and had seized the biceps of one arm with the fingers of the other. "Gosh!" said Mr. Piggy Hartwell—for by such affectionate title was he known to his more intimate acquaintance—"Gosh!"—the expletive came out somewhat windily, a steamy expiration of relief.

"Why didn't you let me know you had so much to carry?" cried Mrs. Jack. "I'd have sent our driver."

"Oh, it's quite all right," said Piggy Hartwell. "I always handle everything myself." He smiled at her quite boyishly.

"I know!" said Mrs. Jack, nodding her head with quick understanding. "You simply can't depend on people. If anything went wrong—and after all the years you must have put in making them! People who've seen it say it's

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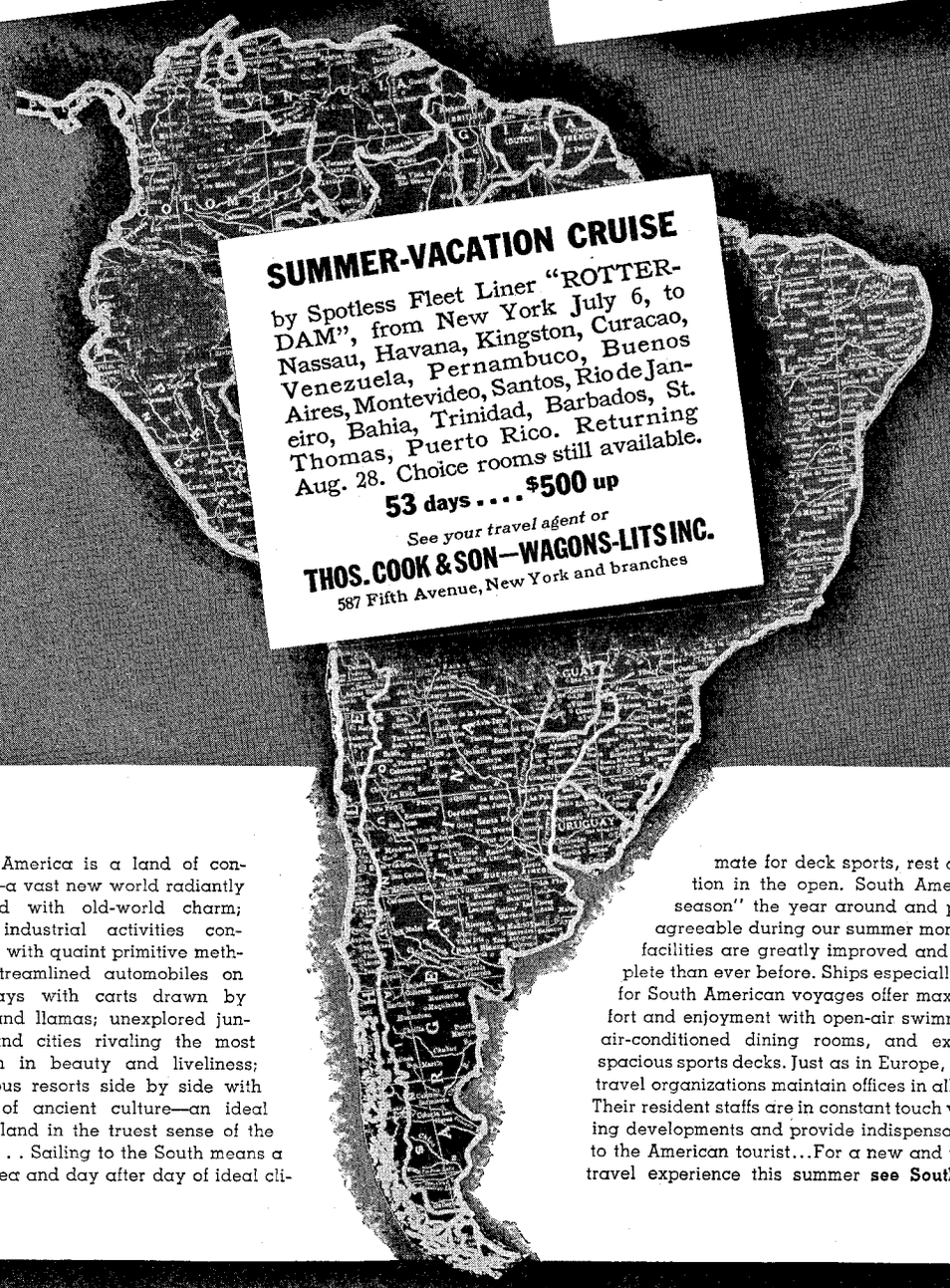

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simply marvelous," she went on. "Everyone is so thrilled."

"Now—," said Mr. Hartwell abruptly, and walked over to the entrance of the living room, "I suppose it's going to be in here, isn't it?"

"Yes—that is, if you prefer, we'll use another room—but this is the largest one we have—"

"No, thank you," crisply, absently. "This is quite all right. Best place, I think, would be over there"—briefly he indicated the opposite wall—"facing the door here, the people all around on the other three sides . . . we can clear all this stuff away, of course"—he made a quick gesture which seemed to dispose of a large part of the furnishings. "Now, if you don't mind, I'll have to change to costume—if you have a room—"

"Oh, yes," she answered quickly, "here, just down the hall. But won't you have a drink and something to eat before you start—"

"No, thank you—nothing," Mr. Hartwell somewhat gruntingly replied, and staggered down the hall with his tremendous freight. She heard the two ponderous baggages hit the floor with a leaden thump and then Mr. Hartwell's long expiring "whush" of exhausted relief.

Mr. Piggy Hartwell was the rage that year. He was the creator of a kind of puppet circus of wire dolls, and the applause with which this entertainment had been greeted was astonishing. The last criteria of fashionable knowingness was an expert knowledge of Mr. Hartwell and his dolls. If one lacked this knowledge he was lower than the dust, and if one had it, his eligibility for any society of the higher sensibilities was instantly confirmed. One could, in fact, in that sweet year of grace, admit with utter nonchalance that the late John Milton bored him and was in fact a large "stuffed shirt." "Stuffed shirts" indeed were numerous in the findings of the critical gentry of the time. The chemises of such personalities as Goethe, Tolstoy, and Balzac had been ruthlessly investigated by some of the most fearless intellects of the time and found to be largely composed of straw wadding. Almost everyone was being fearlessly debunked except debunkers and Mr. Piggy Hartwell and his dolls.

To a future world, no doubt, this may seem to be a trifle strange. And yet it was indubitably a fact: the highest intellects of the time were bored by many things. They were bored with love and they were bored with hate. They were bored with men who worked, and with men who loafed. They were bored with going abroad and they were bored with staying at home. They were bored with the injustice all around them, with the men who were killed, with the children who starved, with justice, freedom, and man's right to live. Finally, they were bored with living, they were bored with dying but!—they were *not* bored that year with Mr. Piggy Hartwell and his circus of wire dolls.

—And the Center of the storm? The Cause of all this tumult—what was It doing now? It was enjoying the privacy of one of Mrs. Jack's lovely rooms—and, as if utterly unaware of the towering position It now enjoyed in the great world, It was modestly and matter-of-factly pulling on a pair of canvas pants!

V

Mrs. Jack, after arranging anew a vase of roses on a table in the hall, walked briskly toward her room. Her husband was just coming from his room as she passed his door. He was a well-kept man of fifty years or more. But, compared to his wife's expression of childlike innocence, his own manner was curiously sophisticated.

He bent smoothly over her small figure and kissed her perfunctorily on one rosy cheek. It was the kiss of an ambassador; his manner and his tone, the perfect bland assurance of everything he did, were like the gestures of an old and jaded diplomat.

She was conscious of a moment's repugnance as she looked at him, but then she remembered what a perfect husband he had been, how thoughtful and how good and how devoted. "He's a sweet person," she was thinking as she responded brightly to his greeting: "Oh, hello, darling. You're all ready, aren't you? . . . Listen,"—she spoke rapidly —"will you take care of anyone who comes? Mr. Hartwell is changing his costume in the guest room—won't you look out for him if he needs anything?" She slipped the jade ring quickly from her finger and slipped it back again. "I do hope that everything's all right! I do hope—" She paused again, with a look of worried abstraction in her eyes.

"You do hope what?" he said with just the suggestion of an ironic grin around the corners of his mouth.

"I do hope he won't—" she began in a troubled tone, then went on rapidly—"He said something about—about clearing away some of the things in the living room for his show—"

Then, catching the irony of his faint grin, she laughed, shortly, richly. "I don't know what he's going to do. Still, everyone's been after him, you know—everyone's thrilled at the chance of seeing him—Oh, I'm sure it'll be all right. Don't you think so?" She looked eagerly at him with such droll, beseeching inquiry that he laughed abruptly, as he turned away, saying, "Oh, I suppose so, Alice. I'll look after it."

Mrs. Jack went on down the hall and entered her room, leaving her door slightly ajar behind her.

She regarded herself for a moment in the mirror, and her face betrayed a childlike vanity that would have been ludicrously comical if anyone had seen her. First she bent forward a little and looked at herself with a childlike innocence which was one of her characteristic expressions when she faced the world. Then she surveyed the outlines of her small and lovely figure, and arranged half-consciously the folds of her simple, splendid gown. Then she lifted her arm and hand and half-turning with the other hand upon her hip, she ogled herself absurdly in the friendly mirror.

A tremor, faint and distant, shook her feet. She paused, startled; waited; listened. A slight frown appeared between her eyes, and an old unquiet feeling stirred faintly in her heart. At times she thought she felt this faint vibration in the massive walls around her. Once she had asked the doorman a few questions. The man told her that the building had been built across two depths of railway tunnels, and that all Mrs. Jack had heard was the faint vibration from the passing of a train below her. The man assured her it was all quite safe; still, the news disturbed her vaguely. She would have liked it better if the building had been built upon the solid rock.

VI

But now the guests were beginning to arrive. The electric *thring* of the doorbell broke persistently on the accustomed quietness. In the hallway there arose now the confused but crescent medley of a dozen voices—the rippling laughter and quick, excited voices of the women with the deeper and more vibrant sonorities of the men. One could sense and feel the growing momentum of the party. It was a mixture, smooth as oil, which grew and mounted headily with each arrival.

Mrs. Jack, her eyes sparkling with the joy that giving parties, meeting people, the whole warm and brilliant flux and interplay of life always gave to her, now left her room and moved up the hall, greeting people everywhere with a rosy, beaming face.

The whole party was in full blast

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now. Everywhere people were talking, laughing, bending to fill glasses with long frosty drinks, moving around the loaded temptations of the dining table with that somewhat doubtful look of people who would like to taste it all but know they can't. It was wonderful, weaving back and forth in a celebrated pattern of white and black and gold and power and wealth and loveliness and food and drink. And through it all, like some strange and lovely flower, bending and welcoming on its gracious stem, moved the flushed and rosy face, the warm heart and the wise, the subtle, childlike, magic spirit that was Mrs. Jack.

She glanced happily through the crowded rooms. It was, she well knew, a notable assemblage: a distinguished excerpt of the best, the highest, and the fairest the city had to offer. And yet, someone was still lacking.

"Long, long into the night I lay"—thought Mrs. Jack—"thinking about you all the time."

For someone was still absent and she kept thinking of him—well, *almost* all the time. At least, so she would phrase it with that infatuation which a woman feels when she is thinking of her lover: "I keep thinking of you all the time. When I wake up in the morning the first thing I think about is you. Did you ever try to tell a story? Once when I was a child I felt sure I had to tell a story. And yet, when I began it, all that I could think of was 'Long, long into the night I lay thinking of how to tell my story.' It seemed to me to be the most beautiful and perfect way to begin a story—but I could go no further. And now I know the end. 'Long, long into the night I lay—thinking of you. I think about you all the time. You fill my life, my heart, my spirit and my being.' And that's the story. Ah, dearest, that's the story."

And so this lovely woman really felt —or thought she felt. Really, when she thought of him, she kept *thinking* she was "thinking of him all the time." And on this crowded and this brilliant evening, he kept flashing through her mind.

"I wonder where he is," she thought. "Why doesn't he come? If only he hasn't been—" She looked quickly over the brilliant gathering with a troubled eye and thought impatiently, "If only he liked parties more! Oh well! He's the way he is. I wouldn't have him any different. I think about him all the time!"

And then he arrived, a hurried but relieved survey told her that he was "all right."

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little, the eyes were injected just a little, the speech and manner a trifle more excited than is wont, but, she saw, he was "all right."

"If only people—the people who know me—didn't affect him so," she thought. "What does he want? He is like a crazy man with doubt: he hates everyone I know, he has every kind of insane, impossible delusion—oh, he is so strange and wild and mad—and young. And he is the best! the best! At bottom he is the grandest and the best. I love him!"

As Webber entered the crowded room, Sidney Page, the novelist, who had been leaning upon the mantel talking with a handsome woman, turned, glanced at him, and then, extending his soft, plump hand sideways, said casually, "Oh. How are you? . . . Look," his tone, as always when he did something that came from the generous and sensitive warmth of his spirit, was deliberately casual. "Have you a telephone? I was trying to get you the other day. Can't you come and have lunch with me some time?"

As a matter of fact, he had not thought of it until that moment. And Webber knew that he had thought of it to put him at his ease, to make him feel less desperately shipwrecked in these glittering, sophisticated tides. He seized it desperately, with a feeling of overwhelming gratefulness and affection. He had understood the kind of man Page was from the first moment he met him, and had seen the desperate shyness, the naked terror in his eyes. He had never for a moment been deceived by the man's air of sophisticated weariness, the elaborately mannered speech. Below all the concealments of that elaborate disguise, he had felt the quality of generosity, of nobility, in the tormented spirit of the man. And now, like a bewildered swimmer in strong tides, he reached out and caught hold of it with enormous relief, as being the one thing before him in the disturbing and unfathomed currents of these brilliant lives that he could understand—he stayed there now, hung on as to a rock among the flood. He stammered out a hasty acceptance, and Page said quickly, casually, to put an end to more embarrassment: "Good. Suppose we meet for lunch on Tuesday, then, at one o'clock, at the Meadowbrook. Do you know where it is?" He gave the address, passed quickly on to other things, introduced the young man to the woman. They made speech, the young man looked around as if searching for someone, and really to give some show of ease and purpose which he did not feel, he blurted out: "Have—have you seen Alice anywhere about?" knowing as he said the words how stiff and clumsy they must seem to be, and how absurd also, for Mrs. Jack, as anyone could see, surrounded by a group of chattering guests, was standing in the center of the room.

Almost before the words were out of his mouth, the sophisticated-looking woman had "taken him up on it." "About?" she said. "Yes, I think you'll find her about—just about there," with her cold, bright smile, she nodded in the direction of Mrs. Jack, not ten feet away.

He knew that what unfriendliness the words may have had was just the concomitant of fashion, willing to sacrifice manners to the opportunity of exhibiting one's wit, however feeble the attempt might be. So understood, so accurately appraised, why did the young man's face now flush with anger? It was absurd to feel so, and yet, as is usually the case with youth, his sense proved unequal to the welling upsurge of his feeling. For a moment, he tried to find a telling and bitter retort, but he was not apt with matters such as these, and he just stood there, looking like some baffled clodhopper and feeling ten times the clodhopper that he looked. And then, defeated utterly, he turned and stalked away.

In just a minute's time, the chip upon his shoulder, with which he had entered that great room, had grown ten times as big, and now he was not only daring someone to knock it off, he was hoping someone would. Why?

Well, of such is youth. And he was young.

At this moment Mrs. Jack saw him, and came toward him.

"Oh, hello, darling," she said, taking his hand and looking up at him with an earnest, tender glance. "How are you? Are you all right?"

Even that simple question touched some raw spot of lacerated sensitivity.

"Who said I wasn't all right? Why shouldn't I be all right?" he demanded harshly, and then, seeing her tender face, was filled with a miserable feeling that again he'd failed.

"Oh all right, all right," she said placating. "I just wanted to know if—are you having a good time?" she said eagerly, smiling. "Don't you think it's a nice party? You want to meet anyone?" she said, before he had a chance to answer. "You must know some of the people here."

Lily Mandell, whose sensational figure and smoldering, Slavic face had been conspicuous all the evening, now came weaving through the crowded room toward Mrs. Jack.

"Oh Alice darling," she said in a drowsy tone that also had in it a quality of yolky arrogance, "I wonder if you've heard—" Seeing the young man, she paused and greeted him: "Oh hello—I didn't know that you were here." They shook hands. Mrs. Jack's face was glowing with a rapt and tranquil joy that was almost like religious ecstasy. She put her own hands in a firm clasp upon those of the woman and the man and whispered: "My two. Two of the people that I love best in the whole world. And you must know and love each other as I do you." Her eyes misted suddenly with tears, the clasp of one hand tightened upon the closed hands of the other two, but her other hand went quickly to her breast. She turned to Lily and whispered: "If I could only tell you—" She shook her head, and whispered huskily: "The greatest—the best—" without saying what the greatest and the best might be.

VII

I MEAN!—You know!—" At the words, eager, rapid, uttered in a rather hoarse, yet strangely seductive tone of voice, Mrs. Jack smiled and turned: "There's Amy!" Then, as she saw the angelic head with its unbelievable harvest of auburn curls, the lovely face so radiant with an almost boyish quality of eagerness, she thought: "Isn't she beautiful! And—and—there is something so sweet, so lovely, so—so good about her!"

She did not know why this was true. Indeed, from any worldly point of view it would have been hard to prove. If Amy Van Leer was not "a notorious woman" the reason was that she had surpassed the ultimate limit of notoriety years before. By the time she was nineteen years old she had been married and divorced and had a child. And even at that time her conduct had been so scandalous that her hubsand had had no difficulty in demonstrating her unfitness for the custody of her own child. From that moment on, she took to drink, from drink to lovers, from lovers to opium, from opium to—everything.

People had once said: "What on earth is Amy going to do next?" And really if life is to be expressed solely in terms of velocity and sensation, it seemed that there was very little left for her to do. She had been everywhere, she had "seen everything" as one might see things from the windows of an express train traveling at eighty miles an hour. People now said: "What on earth is there left for her to do?" Nothing.

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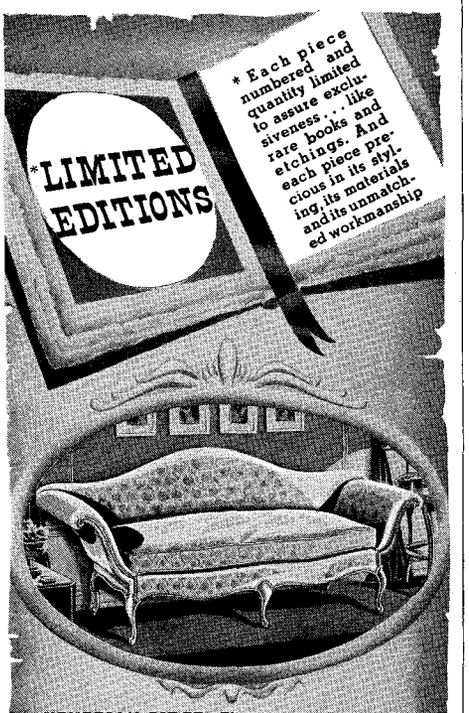

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There was nothing. Having tried everything in life save living, and having lost the way to live, there was nothing left for her to do except to die.

And yet that auburn, that angelic head: the quick excited laugh, the hoarse and thrilling tones, the eager animation of a boy—were all so beautiful, and somehow, one felt, so good! "If only"—people would think regretfully as Mrs. Jack now thought—"Oh, if only things had turned out differently for her"—and they would seek back desperately to find the clue to her disorder—saying, "Here—or here—it happened here, you see—if only!"— If only men were so much clay, as they are blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling!

"I *mean!* . . . You *know!* . . ." at these familiar words, Amy turned to her companions as if fairly burning with desire to communicate something to them that filled her with exuberant elation—"I *mean!*" she cried—"When you compare it with the stuff they're doing nowadays! —I *mean!* There's simply no comparison!"

During the course of this feverish monologue, the group of young people, of which Amy was the center, had moved over toward the portrait of Mrs. Jack above the mantel, and were looking up at it. The famous portrait was deserving of the enthusiastic praise that was now being heaped upon it. It was one of the best examples of Henry Mallows' early work and it had also been created with the passion, the tenderness, the simplicity of a man in love.

"I *mean!*" cried Amy jubilantly again. "When you *think* how long ago that was! . . . and how beautiful she was then! . . . and how beautiful she is now!" cried Amy exultantly, then cast her lovely gray-green eyes so full of splintered torment around her in a glance of almost feverish exasperation —"I *mean!*" she cried again—"The whole thing's obvious," she muttered. Then, turning toward Page with an impulsive movement, she demanded: "How long has it been, Steve? It's been twenty years ago, hasn't it?"

"Oh, quite all of that," Page answered in a cold, bored tone. In his agitation and embarrassment he turned away from her with an air of fatigued indifference. "I should think it was done in nineteen one or two—wasn't it, Alice?" he drawled, turning to Mrs. Jack, who had now approached the group.

"What?" cried Mrs. Jack and then went on immediately, "Oh, the picture! No, Steve—it was done in nineteen—" —she checked herself so swiftly that it was not apparent to anyone but Page

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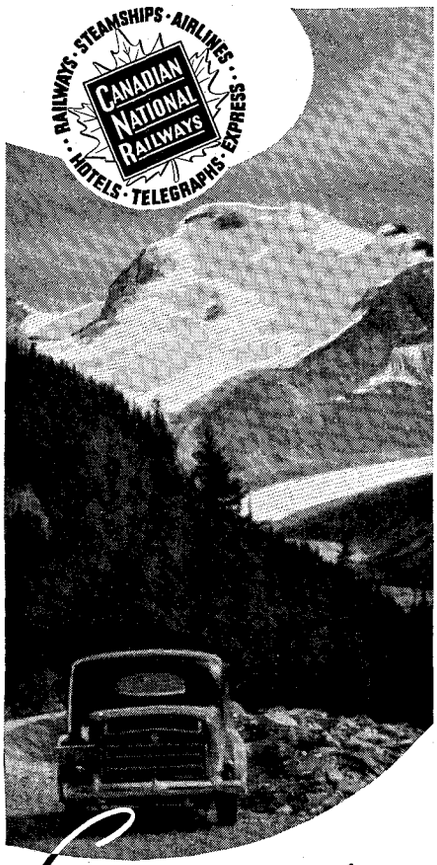

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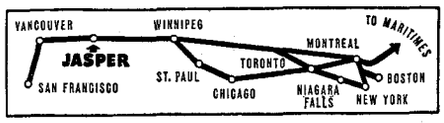

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that she was not telling the truth—"in nineteen four."

As a matter of fact, he knew the exact date—which had been October, 1902. And musing on the vagaries of the sex, he thought: "Why will they be so stupid! She must know that to anyone who knows the least thing about Mallows' life, the date is as familiar as the Fourth of July—"

"Of course," Mrs. Jack was saying rapidly, "I couldn't have been more than eighteen at the time—if I was that—"

"Which would make you not more than forty-three at the present time," thought Page cynically—"Well, my dear, you were twenty when he painted you—and you had been married for two years and had a child. Why do they do it!"—he thought impatiently, "Does she take me for a fool!"

He turned toward her almost impatiently and saw an expression, startled, almost pleading in her eye. He followed it, and saw the hot eye, the fierce packed features of her youthful lover: he caught it in a flash: "Ah! It's this boy! She's told him then that—" and suddenly remembering the startled pleading of that look—so much of child, of folly, even in its guile—he was touched with pity.

"My God, here she is!" he thought. "Still featured like a child, still beautiful, still loving someone—another boy!—Almost as lovely now as she was then when Mallows was a boy."

Poor child! Poor child!—Page turned pompously away to hide the naked anguish in his eyes— So soon to be consumed and die like all of us— She was too prone to die the death upon a single death; to live the life upon the single life; to love the love upon the single love—never to save out of anything a prudent remnant for the day of ruin; but to use it all, to give it all, to be consumed, burnt out like last night's moths upon a cluster of hard light!

Poor child.

VIII

THE hour had now arrived for Mr. Piggy Hartwell and his celebrated circus of wire dolls. Mr. Piggy Hartwell wore a thick blue sweater with a turtle neck, an old pair of canvas trousers, and a pair of battered kneepads which were formerly in favor with professional wrestlers. And thus arrayed, he now made his appearance, staggering between his two enormous cases, which at length he dropped with a floor-shaking thump.

He immediately pushed back the big sofa and all other objects of furniture; pushed back the carpet and then ruthlessly began to take books from the shelves and dump them on the floor. He then fastened up in the vacant spaces big circus posters which, in addition to the familiar paraphernalia of lions, elephants, and clowns, bore such descriptive legends as "Barnum & Bailey—May 7th and 8th," or "Ringling Brothers—July 31st."

When he had finished he came back to his valises, and began to take out a great variety of objects. There were miniature circus rings made of rounded strips of tin. There were trapezes made of wire. And in addition there was a great variety of wire figures: clowns and trapeze performers, acrobats and tumblers, bareback lady riders and wire horses. There was almost everything, in fact, that a circus would need.

He got down upon his kneepads and for some time he was extremely busy with his work. At length he signified his willingness to begin by a gesture to his hostess. At the same moment, the doorbell rang and a host of new and uninvited guests were ushered in by Molly. The new arrivals were, for the most part, young people and obviously they belonged to Mr. Piggy Hartwell's "social set." The young women had that unmistakable appearance of having gone to Miss Spence's School for Girls and the young men, by the same token, seemed to have gone to Yale and Harvard and one was also sure that some of them were members of the Racquet Club and were not connected with a firm of "investment brokers" in downtown New York. All these people streamed in noisily, headed by an elegant young gentleman whose name, curiously, was Hen Walters, and who was Mr. Hartwell's bosom friend.

Mrs. Jack looked rather overwhelmed at this invasion, but was dutifully murmuring greetings when all the new people swarmed right past her, ignoring her completely, and stormed into the room shouting vociferous gaieties at Mr. Hartwell. They paid absolutely no attention to any of the other invited guests, except for a greeting here and there to Amy Van Leer, who apparently they considered one of them, even though a fallen angel.

Hen Walters greeted her quite cordially, with all the gleeful elations of his burbling voice: "Oh, hello, Amy! I haven't seen you for an age. What brings *you* here?"—in a tone that somehow indicated, with all the unconscious arrogance of his kind, that the company was beyond the pale of things accepted.

The tone and implication stung her

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sharply. As for herself, she had received the slander of her name with beautiful good nature. But an affront to someone that she loved was more than she could endure. And she loved Mrs. Jack.

Almost before she was aware of what she was saying, she was repeating quickly: "What brings *me* here—of *all* places! Well, first of all it's a very good place to be—the best I know . . . And I *mean!* You *know!* . . ." she tossed her head with furious impatience. "I *mean!* After *all,* I *was* invited, you know—which is more than you can say—" Unconsciously, with a gesture of protective warmth, she slipped her arm around Mrs. Jack.

"Alice, darling," Amy said, "this is Mr. Walters—and some of his friends" —but for a moment she looked at the cluster of debutantes and their escorts, and then turned away, saying with no effort to subdue her tone: "God, aren't they simply dreadful! . . . I *mean!* . . . You know!"

Meanwhile, Hen Walters was burbling to Mrs. Jack: ". . . So nice of you to let us all come in . . . Piggy told us it would be all right . . . I hope you don't mind . . ."

"But no-o—not at all!" she protested earnestly, ". . . Any friends of Mr. Hartwell's . . . but won't you all have a drink or something to eat? . . ."

"Oh, *heavens,* no!" cried Mr. Walters, in a tone of burblesome glee: "We've all been to Tony's and we simply *gorged* ourselves!"

"—Well, then, if you're sure—" she began.

"Oh, *absolutely!*" cried Mr. Walters rapturously. "But we're holding up the show!"

"Oh, Piggy," he cried to his friend, who now, cheerfully grinning, was crawling on his kneepads on the floor—"Do begin! Everyone's simply dying to see it! . . . I've seen it a dozen times myself," he announced gleefully to the general public, "and it becomes more fascinating every time . . . So if you're ready, please begin!"

Mr. Hartwell was ready and began.

IX

THE performance began, as all good circuses should, with a grand procession of the performers and the animals in the menagerie. Mr. Hartwell accomplished this by taking the wire figures in his hands and walking them around the circus ring. This took some time, but was greeted at its conclusion with vociferous applause. Then Mr. Hartwell galloped his wire horses into the ring and round and around with movements of his hands. Then he put his bareback riders on top of the wire horses, and galloped these around too. After this there was a procession of the wire elephants, etc. This performance gained particular applause because of the clever way in which Mr. Hartwell made the figures imitate the swaying, ponderous lurch of the elephants.

People were not always able to identify each act, but when they were, they applauded vigorously. There was now an act by the trapeze performers. This occupied a long time, largely because Mr. Hartwell was not able to make it work. First of all the little wire figures swung and dangled from their flying trapezes. Then Mr. Hartwell tried to make one little figure swing through the air and catch the other figure by its down-swept hands. This wouldn't work. Again and again the little wire figure soared through the air, caught at the outstretched hands of the other doll—and missed ingloriously. It became painful: people craned their necks and looked embarrassed—all, indeed, except Mr. Hartwell, who giggled happily with each new failure and tried again. At length, he settled the whole matter himself by taking one of the little figures and carefully hanging it to the other's arms. When he had finished he looked up at his audience and giggled with cheerful idiocy. And the gathering, after a brief and somewhat puzzled pause, broke into applause.

Mr. Hartwell was now ready for what might be called the *pièce de résistance* of the entire occasion. This was the celebrated sword-swallowing act on which he prided himself a great deal. He picked up a small rag doll, and with the other hand he took a long hairpin and began to work it down the throat of the doll.

It was a horrible exhibition. Mr. Hartwell kept working the hairpin down with thick, probing fingers and when some impediment of wadding got in his way he looked up and giggled foolishly. Halfway down he struck an obstacle, but he persisted—persisted horribly. He kept pressing with his hairpin while people looked at one another with distressed faces, and suddenly a gap appeared in the side of the bulging doll and some of the stuffing began to ooze out shockingly. At this manifestation some people gave up utterly. Miss Lily Mandell placed one hand against her stomach in a gesture of nausea, said "Ugh!" and made a hasty exit.

The young "society people," however, applauded everything enthusiastically. In fact, as the stuffing in the doll began to ooze out, one of the young

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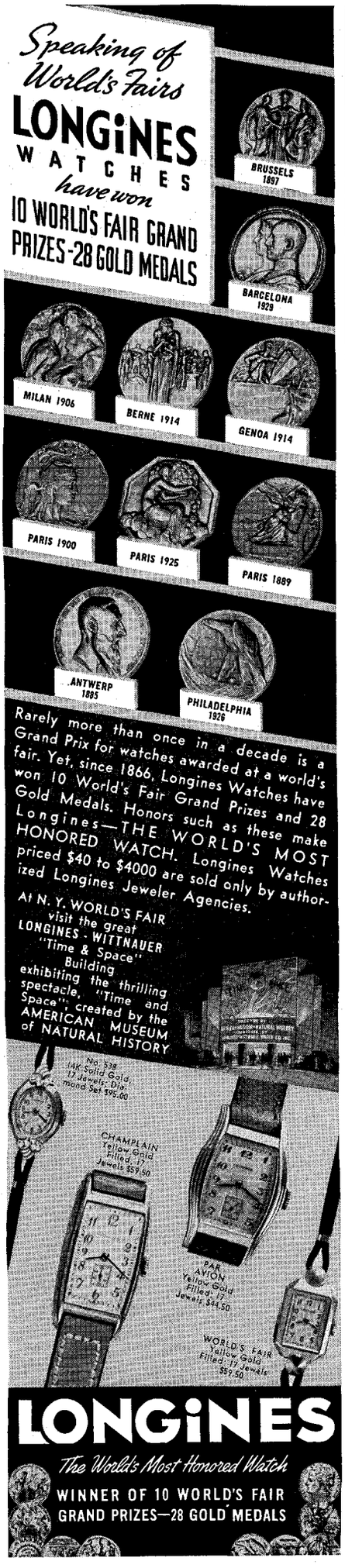
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women turned to the young man who was standing beside her, and said: "I think it's *frightfully interesting*—the way he does that. Don't you?"

To which the young man said briefly, "Eh—," an ejaculation that might have been indicative of almost anything, but which was here obviously taken for assent.

People had now begun to go out into the halls, and a few of the more cynical could be heard talking to each other ironically with little laughs. Even Mrs. Jack, who had seated herself cross-legged on the floor, like a dutiful child, squarely before the maestro and his puppets, had got up and gone out into the hall, where a number of her guests were now assembled. Here she found Lily Mandell and approaching her, with a bright affectionate little smile, she queried, hopefully: "Are you enjoying it, Lily? And you, darling"—she now turned fondly to her young lover—"are you having a good time?"

Lily Mandell answered in a tone of throaty protest and disgust: "When he started pushing that long pin into the doll, and all its insides began oozing out—ugh!" she put a hand upon her stomach—"I simply couldn't stand it any longer!"

Mrs. Jack's shoulders shook, her face reddened, and she gasped in a hysterical whisper: "I know! Wasn't it awful?"

But now there was the sound of voices in the living room. The performance had ended and there was a ripple of perfunctory applause. The fashionable young people of Mr. Hartwell's own group clustered around him, chattering congratulations, and then, without a word of thanks to their hostess, they began to leave.

X

THE happy confusion, the thronging tumult of the great party had now ended. The guests had all departed, excepting Lily Mandell and Webber. The place had grown back into its wonted quiet, and the unceasing city now closed in upon these lives again, pervaded these great walls.

Outside, there was the sound of a fire truck, the rapid clanging of a bell. It turned the corner into Madison and thundered excitingly past the big building. Mrs. Jack went to the window and looked out. Other trucks now appeared from various directions until four or five had gone by.

"I wonder where the fire can be," she remarked presently. "It must be quite a big one, too—six trucks have driven past. It must be somewhere in this neighborhood."

For a moment the location of the fire absorbed the idle speculation of the group, but presently they began to look again at Mr. Hartwell. His labors were now almost over. He began to close his big valises and adjust the straps. At this moment Lily Mandell turned her head with an air of wakened curiosity in the direction of the hall, sniffed sharply, and suddenly said: "Does anyone smell smoke?"

"What?"—said Mrs. Jack with a puzzled air. And then, she cried excitedly: "But yes! There is quite a strong smell of smoke out there. I think it would be just as well if we got out of the building until we find out what is wrong."

Mrs. Jack's rosy face was now burning with excitement. "But isn't it queer?" she appealed to everyone—"I mean, to think that it should be in this building—*I mean*—" She looked around her rather helplessly. "Well, then—" she said indefinitely, "I suppose we'd better, until we find out what it is. Oh those girls!" cried Mrs. Jack suddenly, and snapping the ring on and off her finger, she walked quickly toward the dining room. "Molly!—Janie!—Lily! Girls! There's a fire somewhere in the building. You'll have to get out until we find out where it is!"

The news obviously upset the girls. They looked helplessly at one another, then they began to move aimlessly around, as if no longer certain what to do.

"Will we have time to pack, Mrs. Jack?" said Molly, looking at her stupidly. "—I mean," she gulped, "will we need anything?"

"Oh, Molly, no, in heaven's name!" cried Mrs. Jack. "Nothing except your coats. Tell all the girls and Cook to wear their coats!"

"Yes'm," said Molly, dumbly, and in a moment she went uncertainly through the dining room to the kitchen.

Mr. Jack meanwhile had gone out into the hall and was ringing the elevator bell. The others joined him there. He rang persistently and presently the voice of Herbert was heard shouting up the shaft. "All right! All right! I'll be right up, folks, as soon as I take down this load!" The sound of people's voices, excited, chattering, could be heard down the shaft, and then the elevator went away.

Presently the sound of the elevator could be heard again as it came up. It mounted and then suddenly paused a flight or two below them. Herbert could be heard working his lever and in a moment more shouted up: "Mr. Jack, will you all please use the service entrance?

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The elevator's out of order: I can't go any further."

At this moment all the lights went out. The place was plunged in inky blackness. There was just a brief, a rather terrifying moment, when the women caught their breaths sharply. In the darkness, the smell of the smoke was more acrid and biting than it had ever been. Molly moaned a little and the maids began to mill around like stricken cattle. But they quieted down when they heard the comforting assurance of Mr. Jack's quiet voice: "Alice, we'll have to light candles. Can you tell me where they are?"

She told him. He went back into the kitchen and reappeared with a box of tallow candles. He gave everyone a candle and lighted them. The women lifted their candles and looked at each other with an air of bewildered surmise. Mrs. Jack turned questioningly to her lover. "Isn't it strange?" she whispered—"Isn't it the strangest thing? I mean the party . . . all the people . . . and then this" —and holding up her candle she looked about her at that ghostly company. And suddenly he was filled with love for her, because he knew the woman like himself had the mystery and strangeness of all life, all love in her heart.

The others were now gathered on the service landing waiting while Mr. Hartwell tested the bell of the service elevator. There was no response to his repeated efforts and in a few moments he remarked: "Well, I suppose there's nothing for us to do now except to walk down." Mr. Jack had apparently reached this conclusion on his own account and had started down the nine flights of concrete stairs that led to the ground floor and safety. In a moment all the others followed him.

The electric lights in the service hallways were still burning dimly. But the smoke now filled the air with floating filaments and shifting plumes that made breathing acrid and uncomfortable.

And the service stairs from top to bottom were providing an astounding spectacle. Doors were opening now on every floor and other tenants of the building, and their servants and their guests, were coming out to swell the tide of refugees which now marched steadily downstairs. It was an astounding aggregation. There were people fully attired in splendid evening dress, and people in pyjamas, dressing gowns, or whatever convenient garment they could snatch up. There were young people and there were old people. There were people of every kind and quality and age and physical variation.

And in addition to these there was a babel of strange tongues, the excited jargons of a dozen races. There were German cooks and there were French maids. There were English chauffeurs and there were Irish serving girls. There were Swedes and Italians and Norwegians. There were Poles and Czechs and Austrians, and Negroes; and all of these were poured out in a noisy tide to join in with their lords and masters, their interests all united now in their common pursuit of safety.

As the refugees neared the ground floor, helmeted and coated firemen began to come up the stairs. A few policemen came up after them and these men tried in various ways to allay any panic that anyone may have felt.

"It's all right, folks! Everything's okay!" one big policeman cried cheerfully as he came up past the members of Mrs. Jack's party. "The fire's over now."

These words, spoken really for the sake of expediting the orderly progress of the tenants from the building, had an opposite effect from the one which the big policeman wanted to produce. One of the male members of Mrs. Jack's party, the young man who was bringing up the end of the procession, paused upon hearing the policeman's reassuring words, and turned, about to retrace his way upstairs again.

As he did so, he saw that the effect upon the policeman had been alarming. The man was now stationed half a flight above him on the landing, and was making frantic gestures to entreat him to leave the building as quickly as possible. So warned, the young man turned again and hastened down the stairs. As he did so, he could hear some tapping and hammering (*continued on page* 58)

Life in the U. S. . . Photographic—New Jersey

(*see page 30*)

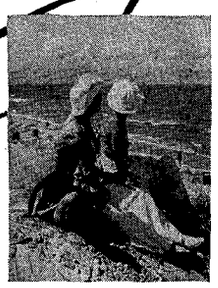
1. North Jersey Farm, by Michael Fedison, 378 Harvard Avenue, Hillside, N. J. Taken with a 4 x 5 Agfa Ansco View camera, Wollensak f6.3 lens. Exposure 1½ sec. at f45; Eastman Portrait Pan film; A filter.

2. Erie Terminal, by Dimitri Kessel, 315 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York. Photographed in Jersey City with a Linhof camera, 9 x 12 cm., Zeiss Protar lens. Exposure 1/50 sec. at f11; Defender XF Pan film; K-2 filter.

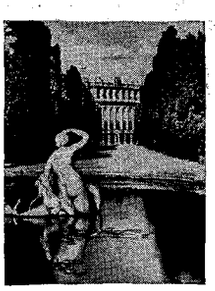
3. Surf Bathing, by Remie Lohse, 200 East Sixteenth Street, New York. Photographed with a Super Ikonta B camera, Tessar f2.8 lens. Exposure 1/400 sec. at f5.6; Agfa Superpan film.

4. Men at Work, by Max C. Kastenbaum, 54 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera. Exposure 1/100 sec. at f5.6; Superpan film.

BYPATHS OF BEAUTY BECKON YOU TO *Germany*



● Romance and beauty have a rendezvous with you this summer in Germany! They will greet you from the historic castles that crown the vineyards along the beautiful Rhine. Merrily you will meet them in friendly old Munich, and heartily hail them 'mid Heidelberg's charming history. They live in the legends that lurk in the cool depths of the Black Forest—or peek from a dream castle or a picture-book peasant town. Their company is yours as you harken to the song of the waves playing on North and Baltic Sea beaches . . . as you motor along the broad Autobahnen, through the green countryside. Berlin, a fascinating, dynamic metropolis . . . Vienna, the gay carefree waltz city . . . Dresden with her art, Nuremberg with her toy-houses . . . the lakes, mountains and inns of the German Alps . . . the flowers and gardens of world-famous spas: Karlsbad, Nauheim, Wiesbaden, Kissengen. All these add their bright beckoning. They entice and welcome you to gay Germany. Heed their call! Germany is *the* place to go for an idyllic vacation.



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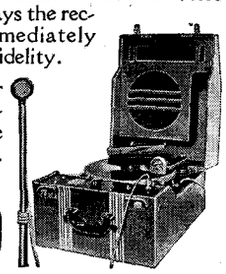

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Music and Records

Tone poem of "what a country sounds like" . . . Stravinsky's Volga Boatman *. . . a list of recent recordings*

AARON COPLAND'S spicy *El Salón México* should balance the cost of his several trips below our Southern border. The fact that an American composer can make a symphonic work pay studio rent—not to mention such unthinkable relaxations as summer siestas in Tlaxcala—is in itself startling news. But Copland's souvenir of Mexico City's popular dance resort is completely successful from his standpoint and enormously so from that of the average listener. Moreover, the Mexicans didn't complain when the Sinfónica de México performed it for the first time anywhere under the direction of Carlos Chávez. All this is so highly irregular that one might suspect Aaron Copland of making serious artistic compromises. On the contrary, he has written an honest and beautiful work, one which happens, incidentally, to be a "wow" in the concert hall. Small wonder, then, that Victor has lost little time in giving the piece limitless circulation in a brilliant recording by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky.

Not since Darius Milhaud's *La Création du Monde* (the old Columbia recording of which I will cease praising only when a better one is made) has a work appeared that conveys so sensitively and remarkably the peculiar flavor of music indigenous to a foreign people. In the Frenchman's case it was American Negro jazz (1923), and the debt is still ours to acknowledge; in Copland's it is the charm and color of a whole country, the picturesqueness of which we are only too ready to admit. On the whole, *El Salón México* is a bolder excursion, but the sensibilities and inquisitive natures of both composers are so alike that the comparison is inevitable.

More than a decade ago, when Copland returned from his studies in France with Nadia Boulanger, he became fascinated with the garish instrumental colors and throbbing rhythms of jazz bands he heard in places like the Savoy and Roseland. It was only natural that on his first visit to Mexico in 1932 Copland should consult the guidebooks and his friends Revueltas and Chávez and make the acquaintance of the Salón México.

This pleasure resort for the masses and tourists is divided into three halls: "one for people dressed in your way, one for people dressed in overalls but shod, and one for the barefoot." The guidebook from which the quotation is taken, Copland adds, forgot to mention the sign on the wall which read, "Please don't throw lighted cigarette butts on the floor so the ladies don't burn their feet."

So when Copland decided that while "other tourists will pull out their snapshots to show you what a country looks like, a composer wants you to know what a country sounds like," he turned instinctively to the Salón México—it was the spirit of the place, he insists, rather than the music he heard there or the dances he saw. The typical Mexican folk melodies upon which *El Salón México* is based, of course, account for the exotic flavor of the piece, but the atmosphere it engenders is a product of the artistry and skill of the composer. The abandon of a people at play, their moments of unfettered happiness, of passion and of awkward clowning, and the milling mass movement of a crowded dance floor—all are expressed with a pungent naturalness, a vivid tonal characterization which no listener can miss or resist.

The recording could scarcely be improved upon, and as the composer is satisfied that his notes are in exactly the right places, Koussevitzky's interpretation can be considered a definitive one. The main point is for you to hear this exciting music and remember that while we can still admire the fruits of Chabrier's, Debussy's, and Ravel's glances across the Pyrenees, we can also take pride in what a composer of our own found on the other side of the Rio Grande.

Stravinsky's orchestration of the *Song of the Volga Boatman* serves as a filler, the Copland work requiring but three record sides. Koussevitzky performs this superbly (set No. M-546).

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Among the records listed below as outstanding publications of recent months, attention is called to the Haydn symphonies. These are two of the five Haydn works recently rehabilitated by Alfred Einstein and performed for the first time in this country by the New Friends of Music Orchestra.

The items under "Hot Jazz" are especially interesting: the Ladnier and Mezzrow records were made under the supervision of the French critic, Hugues Panassié, during his recent visit to this country; the Vocalion records present the three greatest exponents of boogie-woogie piano playing, protégés of our own John Hammond; and the Hot-Record Society releases, of course, are resuscitations from the out-of-print recordings of the Golden Age of Jazz.

Orchestra

WAGNER: *Tannhäuser-Overture.* London Philharmonic Orchestra, con. Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia set No. X123.

DELIUS: *Appalachia; Hassan—Closing Scene; Irmelin—Intermezzo; Koanga—La Calinda.* London Philharmonic Orchestra with the BBC Chorus or Royal Opera Choir, con. Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia set No. 355.

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 67 in F; Symphony No. 80 in D minor.* Orchestra of the New Friends of Music, con. Fritz Stiedry. Victor set No. M-536.

Chamber Music

MOZART: *Divertimento in E-flat (K-563).* Pasquier Trio. Columbia set No. 351.

HINDEMITH: *Sonata for Viola & Piano.* William Primrose and Jesus Maria Sanroma. Victor set No. M-547.

LOEFFLER: *Music for Four Stringed Instruments.* Coolidge Quartet. Victor set No. M-543.

Hot Jazz

LEWIS-JOHNSON-AMMONS: *Boogie Woogie Prayer.* Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson, and Albert Ammons, three pianos. Vocalion No. 4606.

JOHNSON: *Roll 'Em Pete; Goin's Away Blues.* Joe Turner and Pete Johnson. Vocalion No. 4607.

AMMONS: *Shout for Joy.* Albert Ammons.

LEWIS: *Bear Cat Crawl.* Meade Lux Lewis. Vocalion No. 4608.

GIVE ME YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER and HIGGINBOTHAM BLUES. Henry Allen, Jr., trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Charlie Holmes, alto sax; Luis Russell, piano; Will Johnson, guitar; George Foster, bass; Paul Barbarin, drums. Hot Record Society, 303 Fifth Ave., New York.

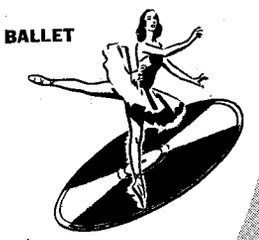
COMIN' ON WITH THE COME ON. Milton Mezzrow, clarinet; Tommy Ladnier, S. De Paris, trumpets; Elmer James, bass; Zutty Singleton, drums; T. Bunn, guitar; James P. Johnson, piano. Bluebird No. B-10085.

IF YOU SEE ME COMIN' and ROYAL GARDEN BLUES. Mezzrow—Ladnier Quintet. Bluebird No. B-10087.

Popular

THIRTY MINUTES WITH BEATRICE LILLIE. Songs from Noel Coward's *Set to Music*, also *The Gutter Song; Get Yourself a Geisha; I Hate Spring.* Beatrice Lillie with orchestra and piano accompaniments. Liberty Music Shops Album.

—RICHARD GILBERT



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THE MONTE CARLO BALLET dances in your memory as you hear "Nights at the Ballet" by Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. Album C-30 (AC-30, automatic) 8 sides, $5.50

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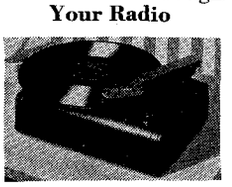

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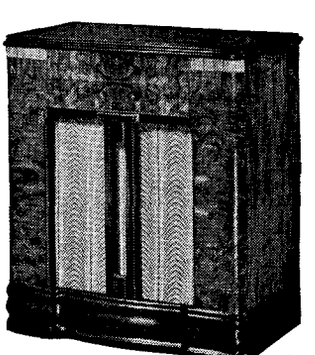

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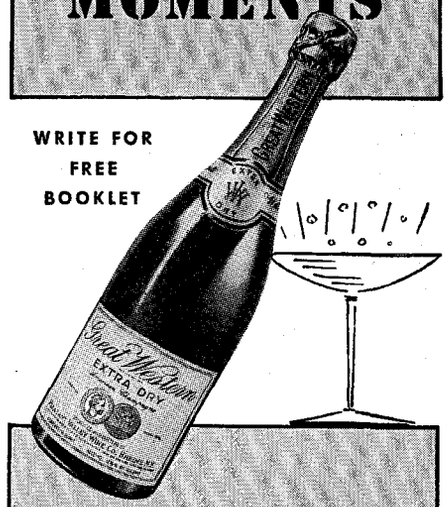

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Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

Drinks for the warming weather: Punch à la Ruffle Shirts and May Wine . . . some points on the aging of whiskey and champagne

SUMMERTIME is almost at hand, and the suggestion of a drink made with hot water seems quite untimely. Yet warm-weather party drinks prepared in that manner make delightfully refreshing draughts. The fact that hot water is an important ingredient cannot possibly interfere with the icing of the beverages when they are to be served.

Among the hundreds of recipes in my possession, there is one which calls for the use of one gallon of boiling-hot tea. It may be made up in large quantity, as it will keep for months, and of all the punches I have had a hand in making none has won more universal praise.

Variations of the recipe exist in untold numbers, but the best of all formulas is that of Martha McCulloch Williams, who calls it Punch à la Ruffle Shirts, recalling the epoch of knee buckles and jabots, from which time it is supposed to date. Her recipe follows:

Scrub clean and pare thin the yellow peel of two dozen oranges and one dozen lemons. Put the pared peel in a deep glass pitcher and cover it with one quart of brandy, one quart of old whiskey, one generous pint of old Jamaica rum, one tumbler of dry sherry, and one tumbler of chartreuse. Cover this mixture with cloth and let it stand three days in a cool place to blend and ripen.

Meantime, squeeze and strain the juice of the oranges and lemons upon four pounds of lump sugar; shred a large, very ripe pineapple and let stand with another pound of sugar. Keep the fruit and sugar cool, but not too cold—just so that it will not sour.

Upon the third morning, strain the juice of all fruits together and mix thoroughly. Next make a gallon of weak green tea, strain it boiling-hot upon the liquor and the yellow peel; stir well, then mix in the fruit juices and sugar, and let stand uncovered until cool.

All of the foregoing constitutes merely the making of the "mixture" to which now must be added the wine. Any kind of wine may be used; the author of the recipe, however, recommends the use of a good sound claret. Put into the punch bowl a block of clear ice, or a goodly number of cubes, and pour in equal quantities of the mixture and the wine. Let stand half an hour before serving and add a similar measure of mineral water at the very last minute before serving. Thin strips of fresh cucumber peel add a little to flavor and more to looks. The wine and mixture may be

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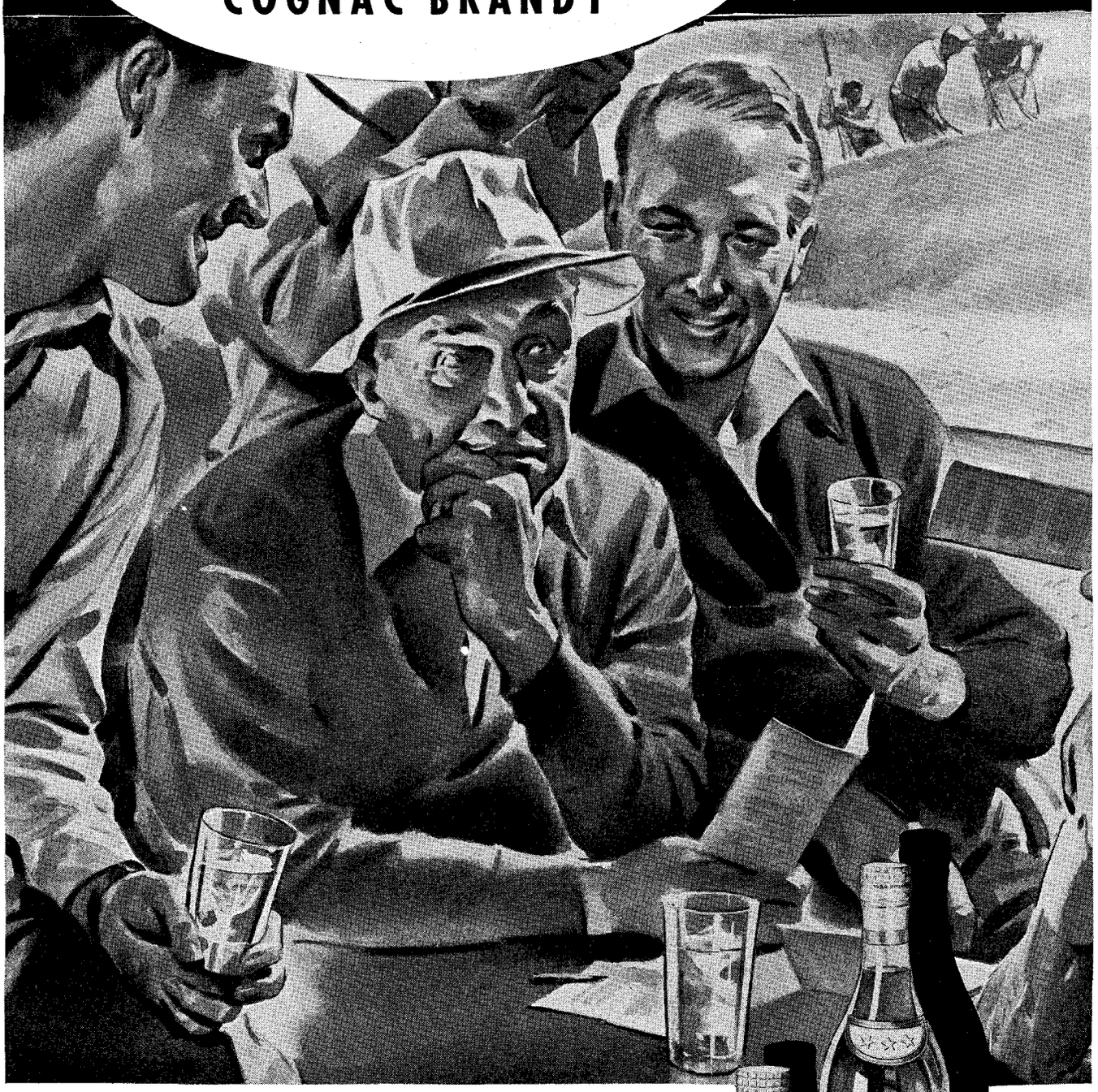

Par for the 19th hole is one jigger of Three-Star Hennessy, three ice cubes and plain soda water. Hennessy-and-soda is fast coming to the fore as a delightfully "different" and unusually refreshing drink. The inimitable flavour of Three-Star Hennessy blends with the vivacity of good charged-water to make a highball that's hard to match.

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poured together into demijohns and kept for months if they are kept cool.

A particularly timely drink this month is one which has been made so famous by stage and screen that it is now in just as great demand in the United States as it has been for generations in Europe. And there is no more delightful harbinger of spring than May Wine.

The charm of this drink is derived chiefly from the fact that May Wine is not made to be sold in bottles. It must be prepared in your presence and its flavor must be obtained from the freshly picked waldmeister plant of which the English equivalent is woodruff. It grows in woods and shady places and is cultivated in gardens for the beauty of its simple white blossoms and the fragrance of its leaves.

May Wine is made as follows:

Select fresh young waldmeister before it is in bloom. Pick it carefully and remove the lower leaves and lower parts of the stems.

To make enough for six persons, take a handful, tie it together, place it in a punch bowl, and pour over it two bottles of light Moselle or Rhine wine. Cover and allow it to cool for fifteen minutes.

Now remove the waldmeister; add four tablespoons of sugar and an unpeeled orange cut lengthwise in thin slices, with the seeds removed.

Place in each glass a slice of orange and, if desired, one or two tiny leaves of the waldmeister.

When no fresh waldmeister is to be found, the dry variety may be used instead, for the herb keeps its flavor.

Ask Mr. Fougner

QUESTION: How long will good champagne continue to improve in the bottle and how long will it last?

ANSWER: Good champagne often improves for ten or fifteen years and will frequently remain good for thirty or more, according to the manner in which it has been handled. But the risk will always remain that the bottle of great age may be flat when opened.

QUESTION: Why must whiskey be aged to be good?

ANSWER: Whiskey must ripen just the same as fruit. New, green whiskey can be compared with a green apple—bitter, disagreeable-tasting, and unpleasant in all its effects. The aging of whiskey is like the ripening of the apple—all the harshness disappears and a rich, full-bodied flavor develops, together with a most pleasant aroma. The maturing process also averts the unpleasant effects produced by new whiskey.

—G. SELMER FOUGNER

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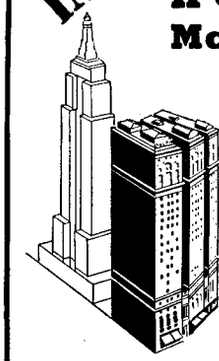

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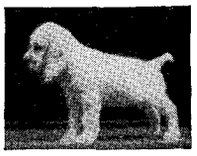

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The Scribner Quiz — Answers

(see page 28)

1. "Virginia's tart old Sen. Glass" (1)
2. Discovered Jewish blood in himself (3)
3. Pres. of Pan-American Airways (2)
4. Four (2)
5. Apennines (3)
6. Texas (4)
7. A part of the hearing system (1)
8. Test eyes (1)
9. Shores (1)
10. Bear (5)
11. 15 feet (5)
12. Bette Davis (4)
13. Determine thickness of objects (1)
14. At a record postwar peak (2)
15. Words of same sound, etc. (3)
16. Bird (4)
17. Two-engined and twin-tailed (2)
18. Afr. Gold Coast (4)
19. Great Britain (4)
20. Foil (6)
21. August baby (1)
22. "You Ought to Own an Olds!" (1)
23. Has elevator (2)
24. Black [Mt. Mitchell—6711 ft.] (3)
25. "D-Nude Ranch" (3)
26. Wrecked most of its engines (2)
27. One slice (1)
28. Vegetable (4)
29. Fear (3)
30. Night-club singing (5)
31. Met. Opera Co. (3)
32. "That so sweetly were foresworn" (1)
33. Cook it in water just below boiling" (3)
34. Refused hall to Negro singer (1)
35. Fechner (1)
36. 17 years (3)
37. Massage (4)
38. Chest (4)
39. Vulcanization (2)
40. Seven (5)
41. At the wheel of a yacht (3)
42. Col. Batista (3)
43. Beads of shells (1)
44. Piggery (5)
45. This past winter (2)
46. Guns (1)
47. Roosevelt (4)
48. Celtic gentleman from S. Belgium (2)
49. Loans to nations in debt to U. S. (1)
50. Basketball (4)

Dogs and Kennels

Broadway dogs... Maurice Evans' terriers . . . the Group's poodle

We read somewhere that Tallulah Bankhead had a Pekingese named Ann, and it got us wondering how many other Broadway people owned dogs. We didn't have to dig very deep; more actors have dogs than have jobs. Miss Bankhead's Peke, it turns out, is one she brought over from England a few years ago, and she claims it has won three third prizes. Maurice Evans has two Highland terriers. They're in his London home now because, although Evans could have brought them right into this country, he'd have had to quarantine them for six months before re-entry to England. That didn't seem fair to the dogs.

Dachshunds are in favor with many actresses. Katharine Cornell has two named Sonya and Illo. Sylvia Sidney calls hers Strudel and Latke (the latter meaning pancake). Lynn Fontanne's Elsa once wandered on stage and followed her around for ten minutes till lured off by a stagehand. Helen Menken recently moved from an apartment to a private house with three flights of stairs, and her dachshund has a tough time making the adjustment. Goes up the stairs laboriously, comes down fast.

Turning to producers: John C. Wilson owns two standard schnauzers, Ch. Settzie of Ennoby and Ch. Brodick of Castle Rogue. Dwight Deere Wiman has two police dogs, a cairn terrier, and a dachshund named Sausage. In his current Broadway show, by the way, there are sixteen chorus girls, and twelve of them wanted to give us names, habits, and detailed descriptions of their dogs.

George Kaufman and Moss Hart, the show-writing team, own four dogs between them. Hart has an English boxer and two sheep dogs. (He once had a third sheep dog, a very intelligent one which had starred in early Hollywood dog comedies, but it came to an ignominious end—was shot for biting a newsboy in Bridgeport.) Kaufman dislikes Hart's dogs because they are so overwhelmingly friendly. His own small terrier is decently aloof.

There is a tradition of acting among dogs themselves, but the Group Theater lodges a unique claim for Tootsie, a poodle owned by the company's wardrobe mistress. The dog is now appearing in two Group productions—which, they say, makes it the only dog ever known to do repertory. —J. B. McK.

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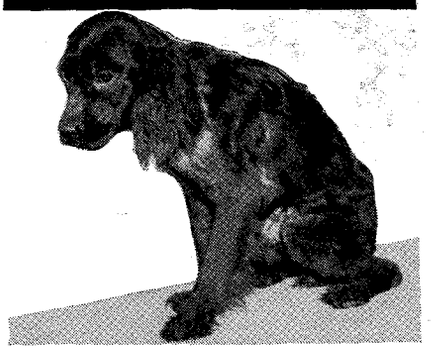

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Answers to "Bethlehem Quiz"

(See page 37)

1. (c) Massachusetts. The first iron produced in this country was made near Lynn, Mass., in 1645.

2. (a) Whiskers are the thin fins of steel which cling to the point of a nail as it comes from a nail machine.

3. (b) The thick walls of the molds dissipate the heat so rapidly that the molten steel cools and solidifies before it can melt the molds.

4. (c) The pulpit in a steel mill is the platform from which the roller in charge of a rolling mill controls its operations.

5. (d) In honor of the feminine members of the iron maker's family.

6. (c) Plows. Invented in 1837, the steel plow enabled farmers to till the sticky soil in the Valley without frequent stops to clean the plowshare. The Cambria Plant of Bethlehem Steel Company pioneered in supplying steel for agricultural implements.

7. (a) Orchids. In Venezuela and Brazil a rare type of orchid thrives in iron-bearing soil.

8. (c) 500. The products of the steel industry fall into approximately 500 classes and in as many as 100,000 variations in size, shape and finish.

9. (d) A keeper. The man in charge of an open-hearth is called a "melter."

10. Bethlehem Steel Company.

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Books

Memoirs of a wartime first lady . . . fiction, historical and satirical . . . springtime death and detection

Biography

Place aux dames in the spring biography and, naturally, first place for Mrs. Edith Bolling Wilson's *My Memoirs* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50). It is an absolutely honest book, the writing of which called for much fortitude. Mrs. Wilson knew that if she were frank she would offend, and that if she were not frank she would defraud. She chose the wiser way. President Wilson's love-making is described without vanity but without reserve. Some of the letters that passed between her and the lonely man in the White House are printed. If publication inevitably recalls Thackeray's caveat against widows' biographies of their husbands, the reader will be grateful for her interpretation of the estrangement between Wilson and some of his old friends. She confirms reports long current that Col. E. M. House fell into disfavor because he bungled negotiations at the Peace Conference and sought to glorify himself during Wilson's absence from Paris. The dismissal of Robert Lansing from the Cabinet is clarified. Mrs. Wilson felt that the Secretary of State was persistently disloyal to the President and she wished her husband to say so in accepting Lansing's resignation. Wilson's answer is all to his credit. Washington dowagers may raise an eyebrow, but every American wife will understand the spirit in which Mrs. Wilson has written. What would not the world have given for a similar book by President Lincoln's widow!

An old, old tragedy, more poignant than that of Mr. Wilson's collapse, is the theme of *Mad Queen of Spain* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), a good translation of Michael Prawdin's *Johanna die Wahnsinnige,* published in Vienna last year. Mr. Prawdin admits that the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella probably was insane in her later years, but he argues most ingeniously that her hunger strikes and her refusal to sleep in a bed were passive resistance to a succession of ambitious persecutors. Although Mr. Prawdin had access to new documents, it is difficult to accept his conclusion of the Queen's sanity in the face of everything that has been written since Prescott's day by Villa, Rosler, Tighe, and Martin Hume. If Mr. Prawdin is not convincing, he is exceedingly interesting. The tragedy of Juanna la Loca has never been better told.

After these two, the new edition of *Gouverneur Morris's Diary* (Houghton Mifflin, 2 vols., $9) is probably the most interesting book of the spring on the borderline between history and biography. Jared Sparks first had access to the Morris diaries and, in 1832, he issued a *Life* in three volumes, with "Selections" of Morris's correspondence, in editing which he took his usual liberties. In 1888, the diplomatist's granddaughter, Anne Carey Morris, published the two volumes of *Diaries and Letters* that recent historians have used with much satisfaction. Now Beatrix Carey Davenport does for Morris what wise editors at last have done for Greville—she prints everything except the story of his occasional stomach-aches. It is useless to extol the historical value of a diary which Taine affirmed was as valuable a source as Mallet du Pan. Through these well-printed pages Morris stands out in courage, practicality, and shrewd sense as one of the greatest of American diplomatists. —DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN

Fiction

Few novels can ever have had so much history in them as *The Tree of Liberty,* by Elizabeth Page (Farrar & Rinehart, $3). In 985 packed pages it covers the growth of the United States, in part before the states were united or even states, through the Revolution, the Articles of Confederation, the establishment of the Constitution, and the administrations of Washington and John Adams, with five years of Jefferson. The conflict is personalized in the frontier Jeffersonian, Matthew Howard, and his Tidewater wife, Jane Peyton. But it extends from them outwards through their families to the whole country. Miss Page has given the annals of the time in rich detail. To read the book is almost to live that half-century, for the author is in

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several respects rather an historian than a novelist. Again and again her characters show themselves less in the emotions of their flesh and blood than in the debates of their minds. Her people do not so much live their lives as talk them. Yet as a whole this is a spacious and moving history of an important age, here made intelligible and credible.

Pearl S. Buck's *The Patriot* (John Day, $2.50) contains a great deal of history too, but it is admirable as a novel, clear, swift, running apparently under its own power, as if the events were happening, not being narrated. The scene is China and Japan, the hero a rich young Chinese named I-wan who in 1926 joins a group of revolutionists, escapes to Japan where he marries a Japanese girl, and in the end returns to the revolution under Chiang Kai-shek. The book gives a masterly and sensitive record of I-wan's revolutionary career, but many readers will particularly remember the account of his stay in Japan, with its subtle contrast of the two cultures. To American readers the Chinese hero will seem natural, the Japanese wife and her family strange and foreign. Mrs. Buck's talent has never had so good a subject for fiction since *The Good Earth,* and this is her best novel since that one.

The light, strong, satirical spirit with which John P. Marquand viewed George Apley has now been turned upon another New England family in *Wickford Point* (Little, Brown, $2.75). The Brills live in an ancestral farmhouse not far from Boston, supported by small trust funds, family pride, and the memory of a grandfather, now unread but once eminent among the second-rate men of letters of Massachusetts. To an academic outsider, such as Allen Southby who had come from Minnesota to Harvard, the Brills seem full of what he would call Hawthornesque charm. Their kinsman, Jim Calder, who tells the story, sees them as cantankerous, frivolous, and hopelessly inconsecutive. Mr. Marquand presents them with a lively variety of incidents, in a satire that is at once precise and intricate. For Calder the narrator is also a Brill by blood and tradition, and he reveals himself while interpreting them. Though Mr. Marquand is not ill-natured, he makes the Brills out thoroughly unattractive, as presumably he intends. No doubt readers in and around Boston will think that various characters and incidents in the book are taken from actual life. But outside that closed corporation *Wickford Point* will be read as a bolder comic version of the New England life which Hawthorne found romantic. —Carl Van Doren

Mysteries

A not too-inspiring spring mystery season draws to a close with but two flashes of genuine brilliance. Both books come from American authors, the English crop for the vernal season being both scanty and somewhat stunted.

Imprimis, then, one may recommend *Strawstack,* by Dorothy Cameron Disney (Random House, $2). This is first-class hunting from the homicide with which it begins, to the startling conclusion. Miss Disney can write; her migrant Vermonters in a Maryland home are believable; and Detective Chant, who solves the triple murder, is brusquely efficient.

Rufus King, author of the Lieutenant Valcour stories, has done an exceptionally swift and puzzling yarn in *Murder Masks Miami* (Doubleday, Doran, $2). An adept poisoner kills two women and almost scares a certain sector of Miami society out of its habitual alcoholic haze. Valcour's solution hangs, literally, by a thread and will surprise even the most perceptive readers.

That happy pair of English economists, the Coles (G. D. H. and Margaret), who do excellent detective stories in their spare moments, oblige this month with *Off with Her Head* (Macmillan, $2). The head of a lady of uncertain morals is deposited on a table in the sacred precincts of an Oxford college, giving rise to all sorts of intra- and extra-collegiate ructions. The dénouement is not exactly unforeseen, but the story has humor and excitement, plus the customarily efficient Scotland Yard detective. —S. S. Van Dine

The Party at Jack's

(continued from page 49)

noises from the service-elevator shaft. He paused and listened for a moment: the tapping began, then stopped . . . began again . . . and stopped again.

XI

The space outside the great apartment building, or rather *between* it—for it was constructed in the shape of a hollow square—was now a wonderful spectacle. The sides of the tremendous building the whole way around were spanned by arches which gave the whole place something of the appearance of an enormous cloister—a cloister vaster and more modern than any other one which had been seen, a cloister whose mighty walls soared twelve flights into the air. Here, around the four sides of this great cloister, a horde of people were now constantly flooding out of the huge honeycomb. Seen so, the tremendous pageantry of the scene was overwhelming. It was really like the scene of an appalling shipwreck—like a great liner, her life gored out upon an iceberg, keeling slowly with her whole great company of people—the crew, the passengers, the rich, the poor, the mighty, and the lowly—assembled now, at this last hour of peril, in a living fellowship—the whole family of earth, and all its classes, at length united on these slanting decks.

This scene here now in this great cloister was like this—except that the ship was this enfabled rock beneath their feet, the ship's company the whole company of life, and of the swarming and unceasing city.

As yet few people seemed fully to have comprehended the full significance of the event which had thus unceremoniously dumped them out of their sleek nests into the open weather. For all of them it was undoubtedly the first time that they had had the opportunity of appraising at first hand, so to speak, unprepared, the full personnel of the great building. People who would never, under any ordinary circumstances, mingle with one another were now seen laughing and talking together with the familiarity of long acquaintanceship. A famous courtesan, wearing a chinchilla coat which her fabulously wealthy lover had given her, now took off this magnificent garment and, walking over to an elderly woman with a delicate and patrician face, she threw the coat over this woman's thinly covered shoulders, at the same time saying in a tough but somehow kindly voice: "You wear this, darling. You look cold." And the woman smiled graciously and thanked her tarnished sister; then the two women stood talking together like old friends.

Elsewhere, a haughty old Bourbon of the Knickerbocker type was seen engaged in earnest conversation with a Tammany policeman, whose companionship the Bourbon would have spurned indignantly an hour before. And so

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it went, everywhere one looked: one saw haughty Gentiles with rich Jews; stately ladies with musical-comedy actresses; a woman famous for her charities with a celebrated whore.

Meanwhile, the firemen had dragged in across the court from all directions a network of great white hose. Squadrons of helmeted men would dash into the smoky corridors from time to time, some would go upstairs, others would emerge from the lower regions of the basements and confer intimately with their chiefs.

As for the crowd itself, it was in ignorance concerning the cause and extent of the fire. There was, indeed, at first, save for a mist of acrid smoke in the hallways, little evidence of a fire. But now the indications became much plainer. For some time upon the very top floor of the south wing, infrequent wisps of smoke had been curling through the open window of a room in which a light now somewhat somberly was burning. Now suddenly a great billowing puff of oily black smoke accompanied by a dancing fire of sparks burst through the open window. And, as it did, the whole crowd drew in its breath in a sharp intake of excitement—the strange wild joy that people feel when they see fire. Steadily the black and oily-looking smoke was now billowing out in belching folds and the smoke itself in the room within was colored luridly by the sinister and unmistakable glow of fire.

Mrs. Jack gazed upward with a rapt, a fascinated gaze. "How terrible!" she thought, "How terrible!—but God! How beautiful it is."

XII

The police now began to move upon the crowd and good-naturedly but firmly, with outstretched arms, started to herd them from the court, and out across the street. Mrs. Jack, her servants, and her guests went into a small drugstore near at hand, and engaged in eager chatter with many other people of their acquaintance who now filled the store.

The conversation of these people was friendly, casual, and pleasant: some were even gay. But in their talk it would have been possible to detect a note of perturbation, as if something was now happening which they could no longer fathom or control. They were the lords and masters of the earth, those vested with the high authorities and accustomed to command. And now they felt curiously helpless, no longer able to command anything, no longer even able to find out what was happening. They felt somehow that they had been caught up by some mysterious and relentless force, enmeshed in the ramifications of some tremendous web, and that there was nothing for them to do except to be borne onwards, as unwitting of the power that ruled them as blind flies fastened to the revolutions of a wheel.

And in this feeling they were right.

For, in ways remote and far from the blind and troubled kennings of this helpless group, the giant web was at its mighty spinning: deep in the boweled earth, the threads were being spun.

In one of the smoking corridors of that enormous hive, two men in helmets and in boots were talking quietly together.

"Did you find it?"

"Yes. It's in the basement, Chief. It's not on the roof at all: the draft is taking it up a vent—but it's down here"—he pointed thumbwise down below.

"Well, then, go get it: you know what to do."

"It looks bad, Chief. It's going to be hard to get."

"What's the trouble?"

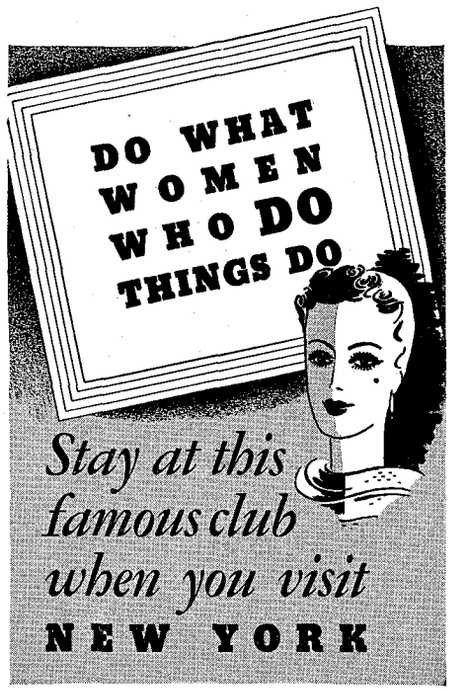
"If we flood the basement we will flood the tracks, too. You know what that means."

For a moment the two men's troubled glances met and held each other steadily. Then the older man spoke shortly, and started down the stairs. "Come on," he said, "we're going down."

Far from the troubled kennings of these helpless folk, deep in the tunnel's depth there in the boweled earth, there was a room where lights were burning, and where it was always night.

There, now, a phone rang, and a man with a green eyeshade seated at the desk was there to answer it: "Hello . . . oh, hello, Mike"—he listened carefully for a moment, suddenly jerked forward, taut with interest, and pulled the cigarette out of his mouth: "The hell you say! . . . Where? On number thirty-two! . . . They're going to flood it! . . . Oh, the hell! . . ."

Far from the kennings of these helpless folk, deep in the marvelous honeycombs of that boweled rock, things began to happen with the speed of light. Six blocks away, just where the mighty network of that amazing underworld begins its mighty flare of rails, lights shifted, changed, and flared immortally: the Overland halted swiftly, but so smoothly that the passengers, already standing to debark, were unaware that anything had happened. Ahead, however, in the cab of the powerful electric locomotive, the engineer peered out and read the signs. He saw these shifting patterns of hard light against the dark, and swore: ". . . Now what the



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hell." Turning, he spoke quietly across the darkness to another man: "We're going in on Twenty-one . . . I wonder what the hell has happened."

*

On the seventh landing of the service stairs, the firemen were working ruthlessly with axes. The place was dense with smoke: the sweating men were wearing masks, and the only light they had to work by was that provided by a torchlight and a flare. They had battered open the doorway of the elevator shaft, and one of them had lowered himself down onto the roof of the imprisoned elevator half a floor below, and was cutting in the roof with his sharp ax.

"Have you got it, Ed?"

". . . O. K. . . . Yeah . . . I'm almost through . . . Here it is."

The ax smashed through; there was a splintering crash, and then: "O. K. . . . Wait a minute . . . Hand me down that flashlight, Tom . . ."

"See anything?"

And in a moment, quietly: "Yeah . . . I'm going in . . . Jim, you better come down too; I'll need you . . ."

There was a silence for a moment, then the man's quiet voice again: "O. K. . . . I've got it . . . Here, Jim, reach down and get it underneath the arms . . ."

In such a way they lifted it from its imprisoned trap, looked at it for a moment, and laid it down, not ungently—something old and dead and very pitiful—upon the floor.

*

At this moment Mrs. Jack went to the window of the drugstore and peered out at the great building across the street.

"I wonder if anything's happening over there," she said. "Do you suppose it's over? Have they got it out?"

The cold immensity of those towering walls told nothing. But there were other signs that it was really "out." The lines of hose that had threaded the street in a thick skein were noticeably fewer, and now and then there was the heavy beating roar of a great engine as a fire truck thundered away. Firemen were coming from the building, putting their apparatus back into their trucks, and although the police would not yet permit the tenants to return to their apartments, there was every indication now that the fire was over.

Meanwhile, newspapermen were beginning to come into the drugstore to phone their stories to the papers. One of them, a rather battered-looking gentleman with a bulbous red nose, had already called the City Desk on the telephone and was now engaged in reporting his findings to the man at the other end: ". . . Sure, that's what I'm tellin' yuh . . . The police have t'rown a cordon round the building . . ."

There was a moment's pause, but then the red-nosed man rasped out irritably: "No—No—No! . . . not a *squadron!* A *cordon!* . . . C-o-r-d-o-n—cordon . . . For Pete's sake! Didn't you ever hear of a cordon before . . . Now, get this: Lissen—" he glanced at some scrawled notes upon a piece of paper in his hands, ". . . Among the residents are included the names of many Social Registerites and others prominent among . . . What? . . . How's that?" he said abruptly, rather puzzled—"Oh! . . ." he looked around briefly to see if he was being overheard, then lowered his voice and spoke again: "Oh, sure! . . . *Two* . . . Yeh . . . both of them were elevator men . . ." Then, looking at the notes upon his piece of dirty paper, he read carefully, in lowered voice: "John Enborg . . . age 64 . . . married . . . three children . . . lives in Jamaica, Queens . . . and Herbert Anderson . . . age 28, unmarried, lives with his mother, 841 Southern Boulevard, the Bronx . . . Have yuh got it? . . . Sure. Oh, sure!" Quietly, after a moment's pause, he spoke again, ". . . No, they couldn't get them out . . . they were on the elevators, goin' up to get the tenants when the current was shut off . . . Sure: that's the idea— They got caught between the floors . . . They just got Enborg out," his voice sank lower, "they had to use axes to get in through the top . . . Sure—sure," he nodded quietly into the mouthpiece, "that's it—smoke: no, just those two . . . no, the management wants to keep it quiet if they can . . . no, none of the tenants know it . . . Yes, it's almost over . . . Sure, it started in the basement, then it went up a flue and out at top . . . Sure, I know," he nodded—"The tracks are right below it . . . they were afraid to flood the basement; if they did, they'd flood four sets of tracks. Sure, it's going down now, but it's been tough . . . Okay, Mac . . . Shall I hang around? . . . Okay," he said at length, and hung up.

XIII

The fire was over now. The people began to stream back into the court, collecting the scattered personnel of their establishments as they did so. An air of authority and order had already been re-established. Each little group, master and mistress, servants and members of the family, had now collected somewhat frigidly into their own separate entity and were filing back to their cells in the enormous hive.

Mrs. Jack, accompanied by her husband, Miss Mandell, and the young man, went in at her entrance. There was still a faint smell of smoke, but the elevator was running again. She noticed that the doorman, Henry, took them up, and she asked him if Herbert had gone. He paused just perceptibly, and then said quietly: "Yes, Mrs. Jack."

"You all must be simply worn out!" she said quickly, with her instant sympathy. "Hasn't it been a thrilling evening?" she went on eagerly: "In all your life did you ever know of such excitement as we had tonight?"

Again, the man said: "Yes, ma'am" in a tone so curiously unyielding that for a moment she felt almost angry, wounded and rebuffed. But already her mind was working on the curious enigma of the doorman's personality: "I wonder what is wrong with him," she thought. "Oh, well, poor thing, I suppose the life he leads is enough to turn anyone sour—opening doors and calling cabs and answering questions all day long— But then, Herbert has to do these things also, and he's always so sweet and so obliging about everything!—"

And, giving partial utterance to her thoughts, she said: "I suppose Herbert will be back upon the job tomorrow?"

He made no answer whatever. He simply seemed not to have heard her. He had opened the door at her own landing, and after a moment he said quietly: "This is your floor, Mrs. Jack."

She was so annoyed for a moment after he had gone that she halted in the little vestibule, and said angrily: "Honestly, that fellow makes me tired! It's got so now he won't even answer when you speak to him."

"Well, Alice, maybe he's tired out tonight with all the excitement of the fire," suggested Mr. Jack, pacifically.

"Maybe it's all our fault?" said Mrs. Jack ironically, then with a sudden flare of humor, she shrugged comically and said: "Vell, ve should have a fire sale!"—which restored her to good humor, and a full-throated appreciation of her own wit.

They opened the door then and went in. The place smelled closed and stale and there was still an acrid scent of smoke. But by this time the maids were streaming in from the service entrance at the back and Mrs. Jack directed them to throw up the windows.

Lily Mandell who had gone into the guest room for her wraps, now came out and said good-by. "Darling, it has been too marvelous," she said, with weary

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arrogance. "Fire, smoke, Piggy Hartwell, everything— Your parties are too wonderful! You never know what's going to happen next."

There was an air of finality about everything. The party was over, the fire was over, the last guest had now departed, and Mr. Jack was waiting to go to bed. In a moment he kissed his wife lightly upon her rosy cheek, said good night casually to Webber, and departed. The young man was also going now, but she, taking him by the hand, said quickly, coaxingly, "Don't go yet. Stay a few minutes, dear, and talk to me."

For a moment she looked around her with an air of thoughtful appraisal. The place looked just the same as it had looked before the people came, before Mr. Hartwell and his horrible performance, before the fire, all the excitement, all the confusion. If anyone came in here now he would never dream that anything had happened. This thought was uppermost in her mind when she turned to him again.

"Wasn't it all so strange? . . . And wonderful?" she said. "I mean, the *way* it happened. I don't know—but it sort of frightens you, doesn't it? . . . No, not the fire!" she spoke quickly—"That didn't amount to anything. No one got hurt—it was terribly exciting, really—I think everyone was thrilled! . . . What I mean"—her brow was furrowed as she sought for words—"when you think of how sort of—*big*—things have got—I mean the way people live nowadays—and how a fire can break out and you won't even know about it . . . I mean, there's something sort of *terrible* about it, isn't there? . . . And God!" she burst out suddenly. "In all your life, did you ever see the like of them? I mean the kind of people who live here . . . the way they all looked, pouring out into the court . . . Have you ever *dreamed* —" her excitement as she spoke these words was almost comical, "Well, it was the most astonishing . . . the queerest . . . I mean," she said confusedly, "it's —it's—"

She paused, holding his hand, and looking at him tenderly. Then, with a rapt look on her face, like an enchanted child, she whispered: ". . . Just you and I . . . They're all gone now . . . there's no one left but you and I . . . Do you know," she said in a quiet tone, "that I think about you all the time? I carry you around inside me—*here,*" she laid her hand upon her breast and looked at him like a good child who believes religiously its own fable. "Oh, do you ever think that there was ever since the world began another love like this?" she cried. "If I could play I'd make of it great music! If I could sing I'd make of it a great song! If I could write I'd make of it a great story . . . but when I try to play or write or try to sing, I can think of nothing else but you and I . . ." Smiling, she inclined her rosy little face toward his, and said: "Did I ever tell you the time I tried to write a story? But all that I could say was 'Long, long into the night I lay, thinking of how I should tell my story.' But now at night that old line of the story keeps ringing in my ears: 'Long, long into the night I lay—thinking about you all the time.' For that's the story." She came closer to him, and lifted her rose face to him—"Oh, dearest, that's the story. In the whole world there's nothing more."

He made no answer. For suddenly he knew that, for him, at any rate, it was not the story. He felt desolate and tired, weary of all the consuming passion, the degrading egotisms of possession—of desire, of passion, and romantic love—of youth.

And suddenly it seemed to him that it was not enough. It seemed to him that there had to be a larger world, a higher devotion than all the devotions of this fond imprisonment could ever find. Well, then—a swift thrust of rending pity pierced him as he looked at the rose sweetness of that enraptured face—it must be so: he to his world, and she to hers—which to the better one, no one could say—but this, at last, he knew, was not enough. There were new lands; dark windings, strange and subtle webs there in the deep-delved earth, a tide was running in the hearts of men—and he must go.

They said little more that night. In a few minutes he got up, and with a sick and tired heart he went away.

XIV

Outside, on the now deserted street, one of the dark-green wagons of the police was waiting now with a softly throbbing motor. In a few moments a door which led down into one of the basement entrances of the enormous building was opened, and two men emerged, bearing a stretcher which had something on it that was very still, completely covered. They slid this carefully away into the back of the green wagon. In another moment two other men, bearing a stretcher with a similar burden, emerged, and this also was quietly and carefully disposed in the same way. Then the door of the wagon was securely closed.

The driver and another man walked around and got into the front seat and after conferring quietly a moment with the sergeant of police, they drove off, turning the corner below with a subdued clangor of bells. The three policemen conferred together for a moment longer and two of them wrote down notes in their little books. Then the two policemen saluted the sergeant and they all departed, each walking away upon the further prosecution of his appointed task.

XV

At this moment, Mrs. Jack, wearing her silken dressing gown, had just gone

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to the window of her room, and drawn in appraisingly a good full breath of cool night air. She found it good. The last disruptive taint of smoke had been washed clean and sweet away by the cool breath of April. And in the white light of the virgin moon the spires and ramparts of Manhattan were glittering with cold magic in splintering helves of stone and glass. Peace fell upon her tranquil spirit. Strong comfort and assurance bathed her soul. It was so solid, splendid, everlasting, and good.

A tremor, faint and distant, shook her feet. She paused, startled, waited, listened. Was the old trouble there again to shake the deep perfection of her soul? What rumor had she heard this night? . . . Faint tremors, small but instant, and a talk of tunnels there below?—Ah, there it was a second time! What was it?—

TRAINS AGAIN!

. . . Passed, faded, trembled delicately away into securities of eternal stone, and left behind it the blue helve of night, and April, in the blazing vertices of all that sculptured and immortal peace.

The smile came back into her eyes. The brief and troubling frown had lifted from her soul. And her look as she prepared to sleep was almost dulcet and cherubic—the look of a good child who ends the great adventure of another day and who knows that sleep and morning have come back again.

"Long, long into the night I lay—" she thought—"and thought of you—" . . .

Ah, sleep.

An Angel on the Porch

(continued from page 18)

corner of his thin lip. No one knew how fond he was of the angel. Publicly he called it his white elephant. He cursed it and said he had been a fool to order it. For six years it had stood on the porch weathering in all the wind and rain. It was now brown and fly-specked. But it had come from Carrara in Italy, and it held a stone lily delicately in one hand. The other hand was lifted in benediction, it was poised clumsily upon the ball of one phthisic foot, and its stupid white face wore a smile of soft stone idiocy.

In his rages Gant sometimes directed vast climaxes of abuse at the angel. "Fiend out of hell," he roared, "you have impoverished me, you have ruined me, you have cursed my declining years, and now you will crush me to death—fearful, awful, and unnatural monster that you are."

But sometimes when he was drunk he fell weeping on his knees before it, called it Cynthia, the name of his first wife, and entreated its love, forgiveness, and blessing for its sinful but repentant boy. There was from the square laughter.

"What's the matter?" said Elizabeth. "Don't you want to sell it?"

"It will cost you a good deal, Elizabeth," he said evasively.

"I don't care," she answered positively. "I've got the money. How much do you want?"

He was silent, thinking for a moment of the place where the angel stood. He knew he had nothing to cover or obliterate that place—it left a barren crater in his heart.

"All right," he said finally. "You can have it for what I paid for it—four hundred and twenty dollars."

She took a thick sheaf of bank notes from her purse and counted the money out for him. He pushed it back.

"No. Pay me when the job's finished and it has been set up. You want some sort of inscription, don't you?"

"Yes. There's her full name, age, place of birth, and so on," she said, giving him a scrawled envelope. "I want some poetry, too—something that suits a young girl taken off like this."

He pulled his tattered little book of inscriptions from a pigeonhole and thumbed its pages, reading her a quatrain here and there. To each she shook her head. Finally he said:

"How's this one, Elizabeth?" He read:

" 'She went away in beauty's flower,
Before her youth was spent,
Ere life and love had lived its hour
God called her, and she went.

Yet whispers Faith upon the wind:
No grief to *her* was given.
She left *your* love and went to find
A greater one in heaven.' "

"Oh, that's lovely—lovely!" she said. "I want that one."

"Yes," he agreed, "I think that's the best one."

In the musty, cool smell of his little office they got up. Her gallant figure reached his shoulder. She buttoned her kid gloves over the small pink haunch of her palms and glanced about her. His battered sofa filled one wall, the line of his long body was printed in the leather. She looked up at him. His face was sad and grave. They remembered.

"It's been a long time, Elizabeth," he said.

They walked slowly to the front through aisled marbles. Sentinelled just beyond the wooden doors the angel leered vacantly down. Jannadeau drew his great head turtlewise a little farther into the protective hunch of his burly shoulders. They went out onto the porch.

The moon stood already like its own phantom in the clear-washed skies of evening. A little boy with an empty paper delivery-bag swung lithely by, his freckled nostrils dilating pleasantly with hunger and the fancied smell of supper. He passed, and for a moment, as they stood at the porch edge, all life seemed frozen in a picture: the firemen and Fagg Sluder had seen Gant, whispered, and were now looking toward him; a policeman, at the high side-porch of the police court, leaned on the rail and stared; at the near edge of the central plot below the fountain a farmer bent for water at a bubbling jet, rose dripping, and stared; from the tax collector's office, city hall, up-stairs, Yancy, huge, meaty, shirt-sleeved, stared.

And in that second the slow pulse of the fountain was suspended, life was held, like an arrested gesture, in photographic abeyance, and Gant felt himself alone move deathward in a world of seemings as, in 1910, a man might find himself again in a picture taken on the grounds of the Chicago Fair, when he was thirty, and his moustache black; and, noting the bustled ladies and the derbied men fixed in the second's pullulation, remember the dead instant, seek beyond the borders for what (he knew) was there. Or as a veteran who finds himself upon his elbow near Ulysses Grant, before the march, in pictures of the Civil War, and sees a dead man on a horse. Or I should say, like some completed Don, who finds himself again before a tent in Scotland in his youth, and notes a cricket-bat long lost and long forgotten; the face of a poet who had died, and young men and the tutor as they looked that Long Vacation when they read nine hours a day for greats.

Where now? Where after? Where then?

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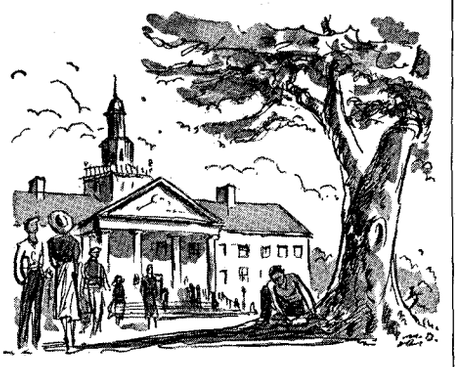
EDUCATION



Education of a Justice

William O. Douglas, most recent appointee to the Supreme Court, always mixed his education with work. During his primary and high-school years in Yakima, Washington, he is said to have helped support the family as newsboy, farmhand, junk dealer, sheep herder, janitor, and tutor. Valedictorian of his high-school class, he won a scholarship at Whitman College in Walla Walla (where he lived part of the time in a tent), continued working as janitor, fruit picker, errand boy, and waiter. After serving as a buck private in the War, he graduated from Whitman in 1920, and for two years taught at the Yakima High School. Then he entered Columbia Law School, worked his way through by tutoring and writing a textbook, and graduated second in his class in 1925.

Tolerance

A Japanese jiujitsu expert, a Negro musician, and a Jewish rabbi are appearing before New York City school children to help dispel the prejudice against their people. This is part of a large-scale experiment the New York Board of Education is making to counteract the racial intolerance spreading from Central Europe. The plan calls for "exposing" New York's 1,200,000 public-school students to tolerance ideas in several ways: through radio and motion pictures, through classroom emphasis on the facts of biology, history, and social science, presented to refute false claims of racial qualities, and through bimonthly assemblies in which racial minorities will be represented and their cultural contributions dramatized.

We don't suppose anyone thinks this plan will wipe out intolerance. Or that many other cities will follow suit. But at least it is what people call the constructive approach—in contrast, for example, to ineffective attempts to laugh bunds out of existence.

—R. B.

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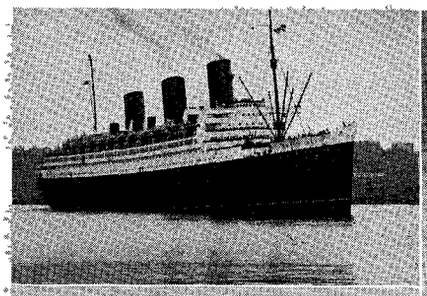

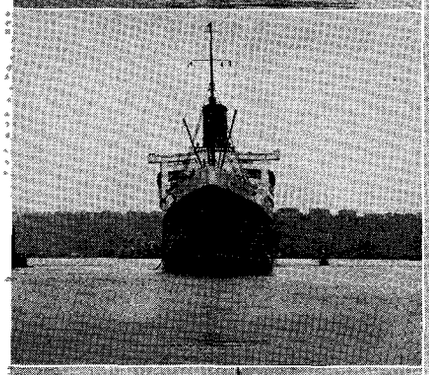

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